The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

No Christmas Number of The Bookman has met with a more enthusiastic reception than has been given to our last month's issue. The entire edition, which was considerably enlarged just before printing, was sold out before publication, and we wish to apologise to the large number of applicants for copies that could not be supplied and to thank very warmly the many readers whose letters of congratulation we greatly appreciate.

Just before her death Mrs. B. M. Croker had completed a new novel which she entitled "The House of Rest," and it will be published by Messrs. Cassell in the spring.

Messrs. George Philip and Son have published a new and revised edition of their admirable "Handy Volume Atlas of the World" (4s. 6d. net). It contains a full reference index, eighty pages of descriptive notes, which are in themselves a miniature geography, and the seventy-seven coloured maps have been brought thoroughly up to date in accordance with the readjustments that the war has made all over the earth. The book is clearly printed, compactly bound, and the right convenient size for the pocket.

The death of Olive Schreiner in Cape Colony, removes one of the most distinguished women writers of the late Victorian period. It is nearly forty years since the publication of "The Story of an African Farm" made her famous. Issued as by "Ralph Iron" it aroused considerable sensation in the literary world of the day, and there was much speculation regarding the authorship. Then it came out that this novel, which was largely autobiography, was written by Olive Schreiner, the daughter of a missionary in Basutoland. It remains the author's only widely known book, and it provides an instance of the theory that every one can write one good book, but comparatively few can continue to write them. Although Oliver Schreiner wrote several others, among them "Dreams" and "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland," they enjoyed neither the vogue nor the popularity of her first.

Mr. Sydney Pawling, who has been for many years sole partner with the late Mr. Heinemann, has been joined as partner by Mr. F. N. Doubleday, President of the distinguished American publishing house of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company. Mr. Pawling retains control of the London business, the title of which remains unchanged.

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"Stories and Ballads of the Far Past," by Nora Kershaw, a collection of sagas and Faroese, Danish and Shetland ballads, most of which are here translated for the first time, will be published early this year by the Cambridge Press.

"The Kaiser's Letters to the Czar" (12s. 6d. net), the famous Willy-Nicky correspondence that throws revealing sidelights on the Kaiser's private character and on his secret intriguings in Europe when he was preparing for the great war, has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is, as Mr. Winston Churchill says, "one of the most remarkable series of letters which have ever seen the light."

Mr. Keighley Snowden's biography of Sir Swire Smith, "The Master Spinner," announced by Messrs. Geo. Allen & Unwin, is due for early issue. It is understood to tell the life of a romantic man of business in something like story form, intimately. Sir Swire was a great humanist, and almost as well known in America as in his own country. He seems to have been loved everywhere, and to have left diaries full of humour and shrewd observation, not without their value for the nineteenth century.

Photo by Porter, Ventnor. **Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole,**

whose new book, "A Man of the Islands," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

The fifth and sixth volumes just added to Messrs. Nelson's excellent "New Age Encyclopædia" (3s. 6d. net each) well maintain those qualities of utility and accuracy which are indispensable in any work of reference that is to be of real assistance to the busy man of to-day. They continue to justify the editor's claim that this is essentially an up-to-date Encyclopædia, giving full attention to living men and living movements, to modern history and geography and, without omitting any essential lore of the past, preferring new knowledge to what has become old lumber.

"The Pilgrim of a Smile," by Norman Davey, the first novel of a new writer, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing this month, is a story of the many adventures through which a young man had to pass before he discovered wisdom.

Lord Bryce's "Modern Democracies" will be published this month in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan, who have also in hand a new edition of the works of W. E. Henley, to be completed in five volumes.

The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's popular Highways and Byways series is "Highways and Byways of Northumbria," by P. Anderson Graham (7s. 6d. net), illustrated with many beautiful, very delicately finished drawings by the late Hugh Thomson.

There is much in common, in its grimly pictorial realism and its whole attitude towards war, between the verse of Wilfred Owen and that of Siegfried Sassoon, who has written an introduction to the "Poems" of Wilfred Owen which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published (6s. net). They have, as Mr. Sassoon says, a sustained nobility and originality of style, and their profoundly self-revealing humanity touches with the beauty of poetry things of pity and terror and makes the barbarism and wrong that gave rise to them the more abhorrent by contrast. When time winnows the war poets, as it will, Wilfred Owen will be among the few that will survive.

In "The Murder of Edwin Drood" (6s. net; Cecil Palmer) Mr. Percy L. Carden makes another of the many attempts that have been made to solve the mystery of Dickens's unfinished novel. He has studied Dickens's manuscript and his notes for the story and collated these with the printed book to good purpose, and his ingenious working out of the problem is described by Mr. B. W. Matz, in an introduction, as one of the most important contributions to the subject.

Of the four one-act plays by Margaret Macnamara ("Love-Fibs," "Light Grey or Dark?" "The

Witch" and "Mrs. Hodges"), published by Mr. C. W. Daniel, "The Witch" is the only failure—its story is too crudely improbable; and "Love-Fibs" is the most entirely successful—a delightful bit of rustic comedy, its dialogue crisp and natural and its three characters simply and cleverly presented.

Mr. Arthur J. Rees, whose fifth novel has just been published by Mr. John Lane, is an Anglo-Australian, born at Melbourne in 1875, who has done a great deal to link the Homeland and the Commonwealth together by means of journalism. His Welsh descent showed itself in his first published venture, "The Merry Marauders," a capital mixture of wit and wisdom, and he has developed power and grip in a series of remarkable detective stories since. The first of these was "The Mystery of the Downs," written in conjunction with Mr. J. Watson, and last year's "The Shrieking Pit" has now been succeeded by "The Hand in the Dark," with "The Moon Rock" to follow in due course next year. "The Hand in the Dark," by the way, has already run through several editions in the States.

The exhibition of etchings by members of the Print Society recently invited to America by the American Federation of Arts, was exhibited during November at the most important Gallery in Washington—the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Two-thirds of the exhibits found purchasers. The exhibition is now on view in Philadelphia and will be shown in all the important cities in the States. The Print Society is a new society of etchers and collectors founded at Ringwood, Hampshire, by the young British landscape painter and etcher, E. Hesketh Hubbard, A.R.W.A. Its first publication, "On Making and Collecting Etchings," reviewed in our Christmas Number, went out of print within a month of publication. We understand Mr. Hubbard is now bringing together an exhibition of etchings to tour the British Isles.

Miss D. K. Broster,

whose striking novel, "The Yellow Poppy," was recently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing a new and cheap edition of Mr. George Goodchild's "Tiger's Cub," a film version of which the Fox Film Company are producing in this country. The story was founded on the popular play, in which Miss Madge Titheradge made such a success as the "Cub," a part taken by Miss Pearl White for the cinema.

Mr. Arthur J. Rees.

A booklet of devotional verse entitled, "For Remembrance: A Circle of Sunny Messages," by Daphne Hammonde, which Messrs. Alexander Moring have published, is the work of a poet whose faith, ennobled by suffering, gives force and beauty to her lines. There is a verse for every month—each with its message of hope inspired by the changing beauties of the year—and the whole is printed by the De La More Press with excellent taste.

The Index to Volume LVIII of THE BOOKMAN will be given in our next Number.

Photo by Cosmo Rowe. **Mrs. Victor Rickard,**

whose new novel, "A Reckless Puritan," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

In "Merlin's Isle: A Study of Rudyard Kipling's England" (2s. 6d. net; Gyldendal), Mr. W. Worster gives an interesting realisation of Mr. Kipling's vision of England, as he has himself revealed it in his stories and poems. "Kipling's Englishmen, and Kipling's England," says Mr. Worster, "are of one type from the Stone Age to our day," and if he does not altogether prove that, he shows that his Englishmen have certain great qualities that have always been common to the race. A book that all lovers of Kipling will find pleasure in reading.

Mr. William Rothenstein's "Twenty-Four Portraits" (21s. net; Allen & Unwin) are of men famous in latter-day art, science, politics and letters, with Dean Inge as a solitary ecclesiastic and Lord Haldane as a selected politician, T. E. Lawrence, an exception among empire builders, and Sir Edward Elgar representing music. There is no need to praise Mr. Rothenstein, or to say more than that he has never done finer, more exquisitely finished work than in these portraits, especially in those of Max Beerbohm, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, John Drinkwater, Arnold Bennett and John Masefield. But when you look again at his Bernard Shaw, or A. E. Housman, the other A. E. (who is George Russell), W. H. Hudson, or Edmund Gosse, you are inclined to go on adding to this list of the best of them, and in the end are satisfied to be glad of every one in the series and are tempted to take the book to pieces and frame them for your walls.

"The Straight Furrow," by C. Rutherford (7s. net; Melrose), is a good readable story set in a sleepy English village and revolving around the sweet-natured, childish little Philippa Stapely, her lovers, and her ne'er-do-well brother, Dick. The characters are lightly sketched in—Gervase with his advanced views, Blakiston with his shrewd business instinct, and the various worthies of that rural world, teeming with gossip about each other and meting out pious disapproval to Dick Stapely, patronising pity for his loyal sister, and thrilled with delicious horror at Gervase's conception of life. Philippa, infatuated by Gervase's unusualness, believes herself in love with him, even though she learns of an unfortunate marriage contracted in his youth. Blakiston, whose sole object in coming to the village has been to renew his acquaintance with her, in endeavouring to do her a service earns her scorn and distrust. The interest increases as the plot unfolds to a natural and satisfactory conclusion. If this is a first novel, as it appears to be, it shows very considerable promise.

Juliet may have said, "What's in a name?" but if she had been in the shoes of the hero of Mr. Harold MacGrath's new novel, "The Man with Three Names" (8s. 6d. net; Hutchinson), she would have been driven to the conclusion that there is very much in it indeed. First introduced to us as Brandon Cathewe, a man of extraordinary daring, he takes our breath away by demanding the privilege of paying court to a beautiful girl whom he has never spoken to in his life. Her father consents, half in jest, on certain conditions, which he believes to be quite beyond the range of possibility, being fulfilled. But nothing is beyond the range of possibility to a man of Brandon Cathewe's calibre. To begin with, he isn't Brandon Cathewe at all—unknown and ill-clad—but a famous writer named George Cottar. And he isn't really George Cottar either, but some one else whose name is unenviably notorious. However, he takes up the gauntlet and through intricate happenings and a sequence of exciting episodes, arrives at a climax which leaves the reader more than satisfied with a story that is as enjoyable as it is ingenious.

Mr. Nicholas Everitt,

Author of "British Secret Service During the Great War," just published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

WILLOUGHBY WEAVING.

IN voyaging through the perilous seas of present-day verse, the adventurer must be prepared to encounter conflicting tides and adverse winds, and it is no easy matter for him to get his bearings and steer a direct course for the ultimate haven of his desire. Not for many years has the output of poetry been so great, and of such diverse kinds, as within the past six or seven years, and perhaps never before has the examiner of it been so baffled in striving to sift the grain from the chaff, or in his judging of poets whom he may deem worthy and unworthy of high marks. It is close on four years since the present writer first became acquainted with Mr. Willoughby Weaving's enchanting Muse, and the familiarity with his work, bred from a "love at first sight," has grown into something like a steady admiration. Among the poets of the day who are *facile princeps*, Mr. Weaving must take a worthy place, and in awarding him that position one is, at the same time, aware of the fact that certain particular forms of his verse have not been perfected, or even entirely conquered. Happily Mr. Weaving has youth on his side, and the rapid and maturing development that has accompanied his successive performances gives one sufficient confidence to hope for complete mastery of his medium, which surely he is destined to gain.

Mr. Willoughby Weaving.

When Mr. Weaving first saw the light the gods must have decided he was to be a poet for, apart from the poetic ring of his surname, the fact that he was born in June, 1885, is not without significance. If there be any time of the year that one associates with the "weaving" of poetic dreams it is the month of roses. His early days were spent at Cuttesloe and Wolvercote, near Oxford, and then at Pewet, near Abingdon, in Berkshire. When ten years old he attended a preparatory school in Oxford, and about 1906 he went up to Pembroke College, Oxford, of which seminary he became a scholar. From scholar he turned teacher, for, after leaving Oxford about 1910, he took up the profession of schoolmaster and, except for his period of war-service as Lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles during 1914–1916, he has continued in that rôle ever since. He always refers to this practical side of his life with enthusiasm, "being," as he says, "as much devoted to the three Graces of Education as I am to the Musical Nine. Fortunately," he adds, "I have never grown out of my first childhood—being made thereby exempt, I hope, from my second—and find my greatest delight and chief companionship in children." For some time he has been settled in Ireland, "this delightfully uncompromising land," to quote him again; and at present he is an active partner in the management of a boy's preparatory school in County Down. For one who is so avowedly a music-maker, a dreamer of dreams, and a lover of children, few occupations could give him more genuine satisfaction than that of familiarising the young mind with all that is best in education.

"The height of poetry is to speak the language of the gods." Thus spake, not Zarathustra, but Mr. Santayana, the philosopher. It is rarely that poets of our time gain that height, but on turning to Mr. Weaving's "The Starfields, and Other Poems" (1916), a volume that contains so much of burnished beauty and which, though only his second production, seems to me to enshrine his most finished work, in the "Ode to Memory" Mr. Weaving has attained that ideal. The ode reads like a fragment of Keats or Tennyson which, hitherto having lain undiscovered, has but come to light. One recognises a traditional distinction in the following six noble lines, more perfect in their poetic endowment than anything I can remember by Rupert Brooke and as surely the work of a born poet as is Alan Seager's familiar sonnet, "Written in a Volume of the Comtesse de Noailles":

> "Memory, thou high-walled Garden, where I find
> The sweetest and the choicest flowers of all,
> Most fragrant shrubs, most delicate tendrils twined,
> And honey-dropping boughs ambrosial,
> And all of beauty that my heart can dress—
> An ordered garden, a sweet wilderness."

In Mr. Weaving's subsequent volumes, "The Bubble, and Other Poems" (1917), "Heard Melodies" (1918) and "Daedal Wings" (1920), many of his inspired pieces sustain "the language of the gods," though in as many his Muse hesitates and fails him at rather critical moments. He trusts so confidently to his spontaneous and unquestionable inspiration, which is remarkably fecund, that, after his setting down the expression of it, one would advise him to cast aside the

prompting pen and, with eraser in hand, to mould the material into durable shape. It is well with him that he can rely so continuously upon the sublime afflatus, that he can venture with ease upon innovations of new and original metrical forms, but if he is to reach that pinnacle of fame toward which his trained powers seem to be bringing him, he will have to look to keeping all his faculties in perfect condition for the formidable effort.

His latest book, "Algazel,"* gives evidence that he has already prepared for that feat. His command of the supernatural in this poetic narrative of Eastern magic leads him to a completer mastery over his material than he has hitherto shown. The theme is largely concerned with the transference of a wicked man's soul into the body of a good man. Whether the play be actable or no, tragedy here receives completely satisfying poetic treatment in a strange and wondrous atmosphere. The sonorous lines in some of the verse ring out with strong and sweeping melody. Thus Algazel to Miriam:

"I could not blacken with my frosty touch
All that bright blossom, nor freeze within her throat
The fountained music of the singing bird.
It is not long before a fairer mate
Shall pipe you to the bough's end. . . .
I was but looking down a dreary vale
That spreads before me like too true a dream.
Give me your hand. I fear no touches now.
The warmth may melt some winter from my heart.
Winter so warmed lies down at last to die,
Smiling on Spring who passes on his way
To make the sad world merry once again."

He has visualised his characters with unfailing distinctiveness, the poetic diction is consistently dignified, and the plot is ever held steadily in view. If it is true, as we have been assured from several quarters recently, that the poetic drama is coming into its own, that there is the bright prospect of its renaissance, Mr. Weaving's tragedy should be earmarked for early stage presentation along with Mr. Symons's "Tristram and Iseult" and Mr. Gordon Bottomley's lately published plays.

Mr. Weaving's first work, "Poems" (1913), showed that while he had not yet steadied his feet, he was well on his breathless way to a Promised Land of poetic accomplishment. To realise his rapid advance one has only to compare "Daedal Wings" with his earliest poetry. His development has been as sure as it has been swift. Originality is patent in all he touches in spite of a near relationship, now and again, to Keats, to Tennyson, and sometimes to Swinburne, which means that his Muse is for ever occupied with the simple, the sensuous, and the passionate. The fact that so many of his pieces are short and in the lyric strain testifies to his being eminently a poet of passing moods, which have been caught, like flashing fish, in the net of his song.

A former schoolfellow, and a very close friend of the poet, has assured me that Mr. Weaving "has dallied much of late with the 'Planchette,' with which he certainly obtains curious results—recondite messages from Dürer, quasi-Shelleyan fragments, and the like. To my mind," he says, "these curiosities merely indicate the importance of the subconscious element in his genius. I have known him conceive and compose a considerable amount of excellent verse while apparently engaged in conducting, quite creditably, an argument, or other conversation or business. He has a certain leaning towards 'spiritualism'—ghosts, visions, visitations, which his residence in Ireland has perhaps accentuated." This same friend has told me that in his early days Mr. Weaving was a good tennis-player, and was fond of sport with the gun. It was when he went with Mr. Weaving for country walks that he discovered how close and true were the poet's observations and love of nature. In natural objects "he had a habit of detecting associations and resemblances, . . . a certain appearance of radiating cloud-wisps, such as wind and the laws of perspective often conspire to bring about on a rough day—this was 'the mouth of the wind,' as of some blowing Boreas in old woodcuts!"

Mr. Weaving's means of courting inspiration, though I should be among the first to imagine it came unsought, is simple and unaffected. "Given a quiet room," he says, "myself alone, a couch, tobacco, paper and a Waverley fountain pen (a long-trusted and never-failing source of inspiration), I will produce or not, as the spirit takes me." It is hardly necessary to inquire further into Mr. Weaving's personal life, for we shall find abundance of idealised autobiography, that is, the higher autobiography of the soul and its emotional manifestations, in all his work. But he has told me that (to repeat his own words) "there is a small zany in my mind prompting me to write the true story of my life, and he laughs so heartily behind his hand that there must be something very entertaining in it. From sheer curiosity I shall some day do his bidding, perhaps." The most fitting epilogue to this survey of him, as well as the best summary of his attitude to life, finds expression in his poem, "Content," in "Daedal Wings":

"I could live on for aye and never die,
Never grow weary of the world agen,
So much I love the sea, the earth and sky,
And the sweet converse of my fellow-men.
I have no wish for fairer things than those,
Nor yet conceive how things could fairer be;
Nor dream of an here-after that could close
These earthly days with more sincerity.
The beauty of the fields and floods and hills,
The splendour of the human form, the fine
Swift vigour of the pardlike soul that fills
The form with love—for these I should repine.
Oh, when I die returning whence I came
May I awake to find life still the same."

At present Mr. Weaving is well in the forefront of the younger poets; may it be his fate, as there seems every prospect it will be, to soar to the higher circles of fame, beyond the obscure murmurs of the prevailing poetic winds, and there to "dance on the stairs of the sun."

W. M. PARKER.

* "Algazel: A Tragedy." 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE READER.

THE LONDON OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

DIAGONALLY, across the rough board table, his eye, which I had been avoiding—for I was not yet hungry for the society of my compatriots—caught mine. Then, in the course of a few minutes, some one undertook the labour of departure, and there was the general unscrambling of legs made necessary by the closeness of the quarters; and, sliding along the narrow bench, he was opposite me, and making his appeal for temporary companionship with the expected and conventional platitudes. I had heard them all before in the same place from other American lips.

Nodding toward "ye famous chair"—he had been gobbling "ye famous pie"—he spoke of him with offensive proprietorship as "the Doctor." Also, I knew that in his heart at the moment was the prayer of the Pharisee, and that he was comparing himself approvingly to certain Americans of steamer acquaintance, now probably calling loudly for drink at the bar of a hostelry a mile to the west.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"So few of us over here take advantage of our real opportunities," he was saying fatuously, and with just the slightest affectation of an English accent. "To think of him filling that chair, and Boswell sitting silent in the corner there and taking notes; and poor 'Noll' Goldsmith waiting for a favourable moment to wheedle a small loan."

"Are you aware," I asked icily, "that there is no direct evidence that 'the Doctor,' as you call him, ever came to the 'Cheshire Cheese,' here, at all?"

Over the face there came something so expressive of unexpected hurt that I softened somewhat.

"Of course, living as he did so long in Gough Square close by, it is morally certain that he came here not once but many times. But the direct evidence is still lacking. 'Ye famous chair' looks the part; be content with that. After all, relatively, what does it matter? Why the pumped-up reverence? What do you really know of Dr. Samuel Johnson? In short, you know just about as much of Dr. Johnson as I do, which is very little, and in your secret heart you care even less. Now isn't that true?"

"I suppose it is. But why spoil the illusion?"

"Why pretend that it hurts? It doesn't. And sometimes destroying illusions makes room for realities. For example, do you know your Kipling?"

"I'll say so." In the colloquialism there was the ring of assurance and sincerity. "That's my middle name, and papers from the old home town." There was no trace of the English accent now, and I thought of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," and Wilton Sargent after he had stopped the Great Induna, and things had begun to happen. "Once, when I was very young," he confessed sheepishly, "I was guilty of writing stories and poems. But I found that they were all bad imitations of 'Plain Tales From the Hills' and 'Barrack Room Ballads.' So I reformed."

The ice was broken. The pose gone, the man became possible. We talked; we passed from story to story, from line to line, and for us, from the stuffy little room with its sawdust covered floor and its murky walls, the shadow of the pompous Doctor had passed for ever. I had been right, and he had been right. He had not known Dr. Johnson, but he did know his Kipling. Now when an American who wears a collar can recite snatches from "Mandalay," and "Danny Deever," and "The Recessional," it means nothing. The lack of ability to do so makes him conspicuous. But when he can cap with the next line your line of "Tomlinson," or "The True Romance," or "McAndrews' Hymn," or "The Mary Gloster," he is to be tolerated; and when he knows the Centurion of the VII Cohort of the XXX Legion, and thrills to the marvellously prophetic "France" and to "Sussex," he is worthy of being admitted to a degree of intimacy. It was "Sussex" that was rolling from my friend's—I had reached the point of so considering him—lips.

> "And here the sea fogs lap and cling,
> And here, each warning each,
> The sheep bells and the ship bells ring
> Along the hidden beach."

It was like Charlie Mears of "The Finest Story in the World." He gasped with the pure delight of sound.

XUM

"The sheep bells and the ship bells ring," he kept repeating. "Maybe I shall have great-great-grandchildren, and there will be a Kipling's London for them to come over and see."

"Why the future generations? Just round the corner from your hotel, at No. 19, Villiers Street, is a building known as the Embankment Chambers. You might spare a moment to glance up at the windows some day if you happen to pass by."

"*Après?*" The French was preferable to the affected English accent.

"I haven't the time to begin to tell you what was written there. Roughly, say everything from Kipling's pen from 1889 to 1891. But it was from the doorway there that poor Dick Heldar groped blindly down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames damp and the feel of the ships that wafted the scents of the East. It was from that doorway that Bessie Brooke slipped, bound for 'south o' the river,' after having scraped away the face of the 'Melancholia.' It was at that doorway that Torpenhow first found her. By that doorway probably passed Badalia Herodsfoot on the way to Gunnison Street. Enter and climb the staircase and you will find the diggings where Eustace Cleever, who knew the moods of the cities and the fields, listening to the voices of the fresh-faced young subalterns, learned the lesson that the lips that have a sufficiency of kissing have no time for song, and cursed his art, for which he would be sorry in the morning. On a table that was once there Charlie Mears scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. It was there——"

19, Villiers Street, Strand,
where Mr. Kipling lived when he wrote "Badalia Herodsfoot."

But my friend of the "Cheshire Cheese" was on his feet.

"Westward along Fleet Street and the Strand, you say? The turn to the left before you come to the Charing Cross Station? I'm on my way. I'm beating it while my shoes are good. Me! I just want to stand across the street and take off my hat."

II

A narrow, sloping thoroughfare, lined along one side most of the way by the grimy, smoke-smudged walls of the Charing Cross Railway Station, Villiers Street connects the Strand with the gardens of the Victoria Embankment. To the immediate east is a little humpy hill over which one zigzags through crazily twisted lanes on the way to Adelphi Terrace, the Savoy quarter, and the Temple beyond. It is the region of the "dark Harches" to which turned the mind of Private Ortheris in his madness. It is a region about which, incidentally, a few score books might be written without more than scratching the surface of the subject. But that, in a word, is London.

The last door at the bottom of the Villiers Street slope, as one goes in the direction of the river, is numbered "19," and over it there is the lettering: "Embankment Chambers." It was there that Rudyard Kipling, then "the Man from Nowhere," in the flush and glow of the early twenties, lived during two of the years that are linked with his richest production. It was there that he found Bohemia, which is not a locality but a state of mind, an outlook upon life, and a condition of struggle. It was there also that for the first time in his life, he meditated upon existence as a man does working spiritually and physically within four walls; and to the tales that were written there we must turn for the only reflection of the turmoil and clamour of great cities that is to be found in all the Kipling range. That place and that period were needed to round out the life. To Kipling that habitation in the Embankment Chambers was what the Rue Lesdiguières was to Balzac; the lodging in the Rue du Dragon, later to be pictured as the home of Marius of "Les Miserables," to Hugo; Furnival's Inn to Dickens; the quarters in the Rue Visconti, whence he journeyed to the discovery of Terré's Tavern of "The Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," to Thackeray; and a combination of Fontainebleau and the Latin Quarter attic to Stevenson.

It is a busy street now, Villiers Street, with the tide of humanity ebbing and flooding. Far into the night it overflows the sidewalks between Strand and river front. It was a busy street at the dawn of the golden nineties. But it has changed, as even old London streets occasionally will change. Just opposite the Chambers—where now, in a cinema theatre, films that, despite heavy British attempts at camouflage, flicker shriekingly their American origin, are being ground out—there was, in the years 1889-1891, a Gatti restaurant. And behind the restaurant was a music hall that, to one living where Kipling lived, did not need to be entered, but could be enjoyed and criticised through eye and ear from the comfort of an arm-chair drawn close to the window above.

If you are a real Kiplingite you are entitled to know at least something of the repudiated book, which is "Turnovers" or "Abaft the Funnel," for in those pages is to be found, as nowhere else, something of the moods and dreams and ennuis of the worker when fame was only in the making. There is, for instance, one chapter, "My Great and Only," telling of the inspiration of the song: "And that's what the Girl told the Soldier." It was born of that music hall and its ascending strains, and of the applause of the billycocks and the bonnets and the refrain that was the ironic precursor of militant suffrage, and which told how, when husbands

" Stagger home tight about two,
An' can't light the candle, I taik the broom 'andle
An' show 'em what women can do."

Then the bonnets, on promotion, murmuring softly to the billycocks : " Not me, Bill, not me."

East is east and west is west but sometimes the twain do meet. At moments the pavement below became the City of Dreadful Night and the Gate of a Hundred Sorrows. There were sights and sounds of Villiers Street that were not those of the music hall—sights and sounds as grim and terrible as lines of " At the End of the Passage " or " The Mark of the Beast." Once it was the grey man who became the red man. On the opposite sidewalk, just below the windows, he stood, hesitating and slightly swaying. In the fading light, with the long beard of age and the dust-covered clothes beneath, he gave the impression of being all grey from head to foot. Then, hideously, the colour scheme changed. There was a quick movement, and everything was red. He had cut his throat from ear to ear. The thing crumbled to the pavement ; men came and carried it away ; there was the hurrying of pails and the splashing of water-dipped brooms ; then life went on again as usual.

View of the Strand from the Adelphi Arches,

the "dark harches" that were known to Ortheris.

There is a mine of Kiplingiana to which to turn for the flavour, the flotsam and the jetsam of those years. Some of it is perhaps not strictly accurate, but it serves a purpose. Some years ago, in a New York club, the late Robert McClure gave the writer of this paper his version of the origin of what eventually became " Stalky and Company." It was a story linked with those Embankment Chambers rooms. Mr. McClure was in London buying material for an American literary syndicate, and in the Villiers Street quarters, according to the tale, Mr. Kipling—for those, it must be remembered, were the lean years—outlined the tale of schoolboy life at Westward Ho ! as it was beginning to form in his mind, ending with the tempting promise : " Why it will suit you down to the boot heels." There was the working table of those years which 1970 will probably seek for the purpose of enshrining in some museum—of course it will not be the right table at all upon which visitors of future generations will be gazing with reverent eyes. There is a link besides the mere writing between that table and " The Finest Story in the World." R. Thurston Hopkins, in his " Rudyard Kipling : A Literary Appreciation," has recorded : " Kipling at that time had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On his table he had graved the words : ' Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee '—the motto which the galley slave carved on his oar."

Also of those days in the Embankment Chambers is C. F. Monkhouse's story of the writing and selling of " The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot " :

" I went to see him one day and found him in the throes of composition. The room was knee deep in manuscript. He called out to me when I entered that he was just finishing and that I was to sit down and keep quiet. I did sit down and gathered up the manuscript, which I read. It was ' The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.' I liked it, though I thought it a little out of his line. I remember we talked over the story and went and dined at the Solferino in Rupert Street. I don't fancy the place exists now. Then the holidays came and I did not see him for several weeks. I criticised a story he had written for *Lloyd's News*. ' The Mark of the Beast ' it was. My criticism was that the readers of *Lloyd's Weekly* would not understand the story. ' Why not,' I said, ' give them " The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot " ? ' ' That's a good idea,' said he. ' Where is it ? ' We hunted high and low. We searched the rooms. Kipling sat back in black despair. The manuscript had been stolen ! But at length we found it on the dust-covered top of a bookshelf. It was transferred to the editorial office of the *Detroit Free Press*, where it appeared in the Christmas number."

III

But this is an article designed to deal, not at all with the belated tribute of an American admirer, and to a minor degree only with the London that marked the period of Rudyard Kipling's Bohemianism ; but with the actual London trail of certain of the stories and poems. There is much more to that trail than even the sound Kiplingite is likely to recall on the spur of the moment. It was none the less London when it had an Indian setting. Listen to Stanley Ortheris :

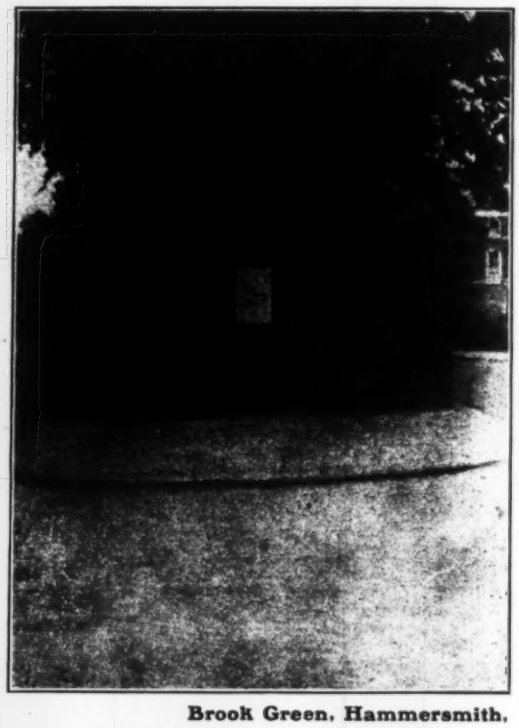
" No. I'm sick to go 'ome—go 'ome—go 'ome. No I ain't mammy sick, cause my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again ; sick for the sounds of 'er, and the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er ; orange peel and hasphalt, and gas coming in over Vau'all Bridge. Sick for the rail going down to Box 'Ill with your gal on your knee, and a new clay pipe in your faice ; that and the Stran' lights where you knows every one, and the copper that taikes you in is a old friend that tuk you up before when you was a little smitchy boy lying loose between the Temple and the dark Harches."

But that was Ortheris in his madness and in India. Be sure that if he ever came to settle down as the proprietor of the little taxidermist shop in the Tottenham Court Road of his dreams, it was a sadly discontented Ortheris, singing loudly with his creator, and perhaps there too is an autobiographical touch :

" I'm sick o' wasting leather on these gritty paving stones,
And the blarsted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones ;
'Tho I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand ? "

XUM

The trail, too, properly begins at No. 19, Villiers Street. Given the knowledge that it was there that the stories were written, it is to them that one turns for corroboration. Of course those were the diggings of Torpenhow and Dick Heldar. Of course it was there that Eustace Cleever "listened to interludes in a strange tongue." Of course those were the stairs that Charlie Mears, coming from his home in the north of London, climbed to gasp over Longfellow's "Lost Youth." What other spot in London would have fitted all the flashes of description in "The Light That Failed"? It was after his twenty-four days of temporary starvation when he lodged in a street by the East India Docks and subsisted on sausages and potatoes, that Dick found the Embankment Chambers. "Good place to bank in; bad place to bunk in," said Torpenhow one night as he leaned out of the window overlooking the city. "My God! What a city to loot!" was Dick's reply. His heart was never there. As for Maisie, she preferred her untidy little room, "in the north, the black north, all across the Park," to such sights as Dick offered her: "A big, dead, red city, with raw green aloes growing between the stones lying out neglected on honey coloured sands." And as for the "red-haired girl," she seemed to spend most of her time shopping in the Edgware Road.



Brook Green, Hammersmith,
the final destination of the Old Man of the Sea in "Brugglesmith."

Looking from their windows at night Torpenhow and Dick could see to the north the great glare of lights about Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, and below them the river boats of the Thames. Torpenhow first found Bessie Brooke lying in the doorway. Villiers Street is exactly the one that Bessie would have followed in an invasion of the wicked heart of London from her home "south o' the river." It all fits, just as it should fit. Just beneath the Embankment Chambers is the little garden where Dick brooded in the darkness that had engulfed him, and close by are the streets leading toward Westminster Bridge through which he stumbled under the guidance of Beeton or of Beeton's boy "Alf." They are not pleasant to recall, those chapters. Happier was the day when, led by Bessie's hand, he found the ship that bore him eastward to the kindly release of his death in the charge on the square. The Embankment Chambers! With the memory of "The Light That Failed," "A Conference of the Powers" and "The Finest Story in the World," and the knowledge that there was the setting of them all, the American of the "Cheshire Cheese" seems justified in his avowed resolution to "take off his hat."

There is the comic odyssey, "Brugglesmith." It is no indiscretion to speak of it as having been autobiographical, or at least as having had an autobiographical basis, for the simple reason that no human mind could possibly have invented it entirely. The "Breslau," on the deck of which the narrator first fell in with his Old Man of the Sea, and was by turns lauded as "the immortal author of "Vanity Fair," and reviled for his peacock vanity, was lying below London Bridge. In the dinghy the two shot under the bridge, and then on land began the series of extraordinary adventures that carried them to Fleet Street, by the Law Courts near St. Clements Danes, up and down Holywell Street "which never goes to bed," along the Strand, through Cockspur Street, to Piccadilly Circus, past Apsley House into Knightsbridge—"respectable Knightsbridge"—through Kensington High Street, where the Old Man of the Sea professed to love his captive and guardian as a son, into the Addison Road, and on to the final destination of "Brugglesmith," which was as near as the drink-tied but, otherwise, embarrassingly eloquent tongue could get to Brook Green, Hammersmith.

Fleet Street, too, is of the tales, even when it is not actually in the tales. As an institution rather than a street it was in the mind of Rudyard Kipling who lived in the Embankment Chambers, just as it had been in the mind of Thackeray when, some forty years before, he penned that famous descriptive chapter of "Pendennis." Between the lines of "The Light That Failed" the presses whir and crash as they whirred and crashed in the heat of an Indian night at the beginning of "The Man Who Would Be King." In the direction of Fleet Street Dick Heldar disappeared with hot anger and grim resolve. Fleet Street was as the breath of their nostrils to Torpenhow and the Nilghai and all the rest of the war correspondents, who, in the strange lost version of the story, not to be confounded with either the happy ending or the unhappy ending, gathered to sing to the falling curtain Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Nor should one forget the comical dismaying effect of Fleet Street, and Printing House Square, where "there would probably be a bishop in the office," on the American journalist Kellar who, in "A Matter of Fact," had somewhere in the South Atlantic witnessed the death of the sea-serpent and the agony of its mate, "blind, white, and smelling of musk.'

It was in Berkeley Square that Tomlinson, fleshless, bloodless, without the shadow of a personality, vacillating between good and evil, and therefore equally abhorred by God and devil (the type always most of all

detested by Rudyard Kipling), gave up the ghost, and started upon his profitless journey through the upper and nether stars. It was back to Berkeley Square that the "grim black stallions" were to bear him with the devil's parting admonition: "Look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again." It was the Cromwell Road that was cursed in the dying prayer of Sir Anthony Gloster. Then there is the Gunnison Street of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot." Said Badalia:

"I'm Gunnison Street. I know what's what, I do, an' they don't want your religion, Mum, not a single——. Excuse me. It's all right when they come to die, but till they die what they want is things to eat. The men they'll shift for themselves. The women they can't shift for themselves, specially bein' always confined. They wants things if they can get 'em anyways. If not they dies, and a good job, too, for women is cruel put upon in Gunnison Street."

Gunnison Street.
The home of Badalia Herodsfoot.

Perhaps, as Mr. Monkhouse thought, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" was a little out of what, in the year 1890, was considered the regular Kipling line. But no slum of Indian heat and fever clings more persistently and hauntingly in the memory than the Gunnison Street where Badalia, on her wedding day, a flare lamp in either hand, danced on a discarded lover's winkle barrow; where the Reverend Eustace Hanna and Brother Victor of the Order of Little Ease laboured for souls; and where Sister Eva, youngest and most impressionable of the Little Sisters of the Red Circle, went about on her errands of gentle mercy. There was an actual number mentioned, No. 17, and the suggestion that it was somewhere in the East End. But to Whitechapel or Limehouse turn not for Gunnison Street, but to Hennessey's Rents, where Tom Herodsfoot had established himself with his new woman. For the real Gunnison Street which was at once the locale and partly the inspiration of the story was in the Soho region, a sinister little alley that winds and twists close by Seven Dials.

E. T. RAYMOND.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I

THE writing of Characters is a greatly neglected art. Time was when it was a favourite exercise with our essayists. Overbury's Characters and Earle's Microcosmography set a fashion which was followed by many other authors, especially by historians from Clarendon and Burnet to Macaulay and John Richard Green, whose studies of notable personages give to their chronicles that touch of gossip which makes the whole world grin. Since Green we have had no one really good at this art: for Mr. Herbert Paul in his history of modern England, is more preoccupied with affairs than with persons, and his sketches of character are coloured more by consideration for opinion than by attention to temperament. The writing of separate characters has been left to novelists: nothing is more lamentable about the books of memoirs, the biographies and the essays of the recent decades than the failure of the author to give a concrete, three dimensional description of the notable persons met, loved or quarrelled with. We have had plenty of scandal, but little gossip, with the exception of that feast of it provided in Mr. George Moore's accounts of his life in Ireland. Of course there have always been journalists who have attempted a little of what I mean by character writing, but most journalists have not the time for the real care and trouble involved in producing a sketch of a man's character, as apart from his opinions, his professions, his clothes or his habits. They fasten, as does the caricaturist, on to the orchid and the collar, and are content if the man is roughly recognisable. E. T. Raymond is a journalist: but his character sketches are of a very different calibre from those of the ordinary writer. It may not be unsuitable, in discussing the works of an author of character studies, to attempt a slight sketch of Mr. Raymond.

He is a big, friendly, shy person, intellectually alert rather than subtle, and not at all nervous except in manner. He strikes me as being impatient of the ordinary journalistic absorption in affairs and easy acceptance of current events at current value. He has a sense of perspective and proportion: and knows well enough that success, like manners, is often an accident of birth. He is of broad rather than deep sympathies, and has no use for persons whose pose is kept up in their own thoughts. Humbug may have a place in the economy of public life, but it should be discarded with one's public manner. A countryman by birth, he mixes with his appreciation of London that sound,

XUM

deep-rooted conviction of the countryman that there is something incurably frivolous about town life. What he really respects and likes, I feel, are the things one can't gossip about. As a youth, after a period of apprenticeship on the provincial press, he came to London. He has been connected with many London papers, including the old *Standard*; and he was for a time in Japan. His dropping into the work which resulted in those two delightful books, "Uncensored Celebrities" and "All and Sundry," was in a way accidental. Mr. A. W. Evans—better known as "Penguin"—took over *Everyman*: he liked Mr. Raymond's work, and he suggested to him the idea of these critical appreciations of well-known men. It was a happy thought. For months many readers turned first to the pages in which E. T. Raymond, week after week, subjected to his shrewd analysis, quick comment and keen humour the characters of the heroes of the bar, the press, the public and the club at St. Stephen's. There had been nothing like them in recent journalism. They did not pretend to the personal touch which distinguishes the gossip of "Toby, M.P." or "T. P.": they were at once less intimate and more serious. They were an effort to view their subjects if not *sub specie æternitatis*, at any rate in a guise not quite so transient and casual as the manner of to-day usually is. They put the man, very deftly and considerately, in his place. They are stereoscopic, and remain on the retina as portraits which may not be altogether true, but are certainly veridical. Mr. Raymond, whose one fault is modesty, thought of them largely as news. He did not anticipate the interest they would rouse in circles where ordinary reading includes nothing but novels—even if good novels. He seems still a little unconscious of what he has done. Let me for a few paragraphs try to examine precisely what that is.

II

In the first sentences of the first sketch of his first book Mr. Raymond reveals his preoccupations:

> "It is not very material to this or any other generation that Mr. Lloyd George has been 'filmed.' But posterity, in its study of this time, will be grateful that he has been painted by a man of genius."

Mr. Raymond has no use for the merely superficial. The camera and the film can only give us the swift, mechanical picture of externals: it needs art and a great artist to give us a study of that in a man which makes him what he is to us, and to himself. The world of to-day is excessively obsessed by external tests. Never perhaps have men been so taken at face value. We do not even trouble to examine their mouths, as we would a horse's: we take as evidence the words which issue from them. We have lost our sense of character and retained only a sense of the theatre. If a man acts well we cease to be curious about him, unaware or forgetful of the stern truth that acting is a very small part in life, and at the best, is the lowest of the arts and the least indicative of character.

At the root of Mr. Raymond's sketches, I believe, lies a deep impatience with this facile acceptance of our politicians, our lawyers, our journalists and generals. He is determined to restore, if he can, a sense of the importance of truth to a generation wholly set on admiring plausibility; to turn our eyes away from the spectacle of success to consider the great problem of righteousness. And he has not done this with the heavy denunciation of the prophets; he knows that would not get the attention of those he wants to rouse and so he adopts a spirit of lightness which has a pungency as acute as any more ill-natured satire, and is far nearer the truth. If Mr. Raymond is suspicious of success, he is quickly alive to real greatness. There are certain temperaments which do not appeal to him. He cannot really understand the Cecils: he respects Lord Robert, but he has against him a grudge which is quite unreasoned, similar really to the grudge some people used to have against the poor. Lord Robert Cecil—in the more considered study in "All and Sundry"—gets his full meed of praise, for Mr. Raymond has a simple test for statesmen, which he tells us in his devastating sketch of F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead:

> "There is one infallible touchstone to-day for a man of affairs. Are they mere creatures of the moment, or have they some touch with the eternal? Their attitude towards the full policy of President Wilson—its refusal to parley with evil no less than its search for a healing formula—distinguishes statesmen as the sheep are separated from the goats. Every fool can point out the difficulty of that policy, but every truly wise man knows that those difficulties must either be conquered, or they will conquer mankind."

His range of appreciation is really very wide. He is not so much independent of, as superior to, the ordinary party distinctions: he insists on judging politicians by their loyalty to their own better standards. In judging non-political figures he is not always so happy. It is quite evident in his sketch of the Bishop of London that he knows nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, and not much of the organised churches: an ignorance which is a real disadvantage when you are endeavouring to estimate the character of a bishop. Nor does he show any acquaintance with the character of so well known a man as Mandell Creighton. To any who ever met, or heard, or has even read anything by, Mandell Creighton or William Temple, Mr. Raymond's sentence, "neither of them gave the notion of having anything specially to do with spiritual things," is quite ludicrous. Apart, however, from this study, the essays in "All and Sundry" show a wider range and as much humour as those in "Uncensored Celebrities." Mr. Raymond has a very happy gift of simile—an alluring talent. Who could resist going on with an essay which began: "There is no very obvious connection between Mr. Bonar Law and the Ancient Mariner"; or that on Lord Derby, when Mr. Raymond writes: "He is entitled to the same sort of respect one pays to a fifteenth-century manor house now being used as a tavern"; and not even Mr. Chesterton in an irreverent poem reached the description of Mr. Walter Long as "a pedigree squire. Few others are so genuine."

Mr. Raymond is rarely unkind—his sketch of T. P. O'Connor in "All and Sundry" is the one exception to his good temper. Mr. O'Connor may or may not be "very much the stage Irishman"; but I confess I cannot see the point of Mr. Raymond's remark when he writes about the rebels of Easter week, "we might

still have had to shoot them, but we might have shot them understandingly, and taken better measures to avoid future shootings, but for the comical contrast between Mr. O'Connor the Irish stalwart, and 'Tay Pay' as universal provider to the Cockney passion for trifles." As a specimen of Mr. Raymond at greater length I would commend this paragraph, out of the essay on Mr. Leo Maxse:

"One wonders sometimes how he ''scapes killing.' For it is no light risk nowadays to deal critically with the mighty. There was a time when the pamphleteering bravo could say much what he liked of a minister. There is an old story of a troublesome North Country visitor at a Riviera hotel, who declined resolutely to pay thirty francs for butter he had not eaten. The staff was in a quandary. It was against the hotel-keeper's morality to waive a charge once made; on the other hand, the Englishman clearly would not pay. The tactful manager got out of the difficulty by one of those inspirations which only occur to master-minds. 'Put it on to the bill of the Grand Duke,' he told the clerk; 'I am quite sure His Highness will not mind.' Such disregard for small charges was common enough among the statesmen of a few years ago. Confident of their own integrity, they cared little who assailed it from without, and they knew exactly how to deal with attacks in the House of Commons. Gladstone never brought actions for libel over the 'murder' of Gordon; Parnell met *The Times* forgery by a simple denial in the House of Commons. But some modern ministers have developed a strange sensitiveness to Press criticism, and if it cannot be dealt with by blandishments, they are quite prepared to use all the terrors of the law, criminal as well as civil. To tell the exact truth about public men to-day is as exciting as big-game hunting, and far more expensive."

Photo by Maull & Fox.

Mr. E. T. Raymond.

III

There are those who felt certain, when they heard Mr. Raymond had undertaken to write a long book on Mr. Balfour, that it would not be a success. "He is obviously a hundred-yards man," they said. I feel that the publication of "A. J. Balfour: A Biography"* leaves the question undecided. This book is not so good as were the essays in the two previous books: but the subject may have as much to do with it as the author. Mr. Balfour is emphatically not the right subject for Mr. Raymond. His clear, arid, devastatingly lucid, dispassionate, religious and philosophical temperament is too remote from Mr. Raymond's understanding. He has confessed as much by getting another hand to write some pages on Mr. Balfour's philosophy: for Mr. Balfour is his philosophy, and if you cannot appraise that, you cannot get near the man. This is not to say that the book has not in it plenty of good and amusing and wise things. It has. It has, too, a very interesting theory that, at the time when he seems to have been most excluded, most oppressed by his colleagues and least considerable in the nation's counsels—during the years of the Tariff Reform controversy—Mr. Balfour was performing his life's work on the defence of Great Britain and the Empire. Mr. Raymond deals almost exclusively with Mr. Balfour's public career; indeed the book is misnamed by being called a biography—it is really a careful account of Mr. Balfour's influence and position in the Unionist party. A great part of the book is given to the war record of one whose energy always surprises his enemies as much as his laziness annoys his friends. When George Wyndham said, "Arthur does not care enough for these things: he remembers there has been an ice age, and he knows there will be an ice age again," he forgot that it is sometimes those who have the best sense of proportion who take the keenest interest over the small things. After all, if there is going to be another ice age, it is important that we should make ourselves warm now, and leave a warm world for our children. It is no use anticipating discomfort. Mr. Balfour's devotion to political life is remarkable in one who seems so remote from many of its immediate issues. No doubt its finesse appeals to him; but there is as much opportunity for finesse in social life. Nor am I satisfied with Mr. Raymond's belief that in politics "he adopts the habitual cynicism of all players in that fascinating game of mixed chance and skill"—a judgment which leaves oddly out of account, in that "all," so considerable a personality as Gladstone. And I am not sure of Mr. Balfour. There remains a real problem which Mr. Raymond admits he has to leave unanswered—which will perhaps never be answered: why did Mr. Balfour enter politics? I would suggest that it would be worth while to consider the possibility that he was actuated merely by a sense of duty.

* "A. J. Balfour." By E. T. Raymond. 12s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Valentine in four lines of original verse addressed to any well-known person.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Arthur A. Eaglestone, of 15, Fitzwilliam Street, Parkgate, Rotherham, and to Kathleen Morrison, of 29, Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow West, for the following:

MUSIC.

I have drawn down into my lute
The dying stars—the blackbird's flute,
The golden threads of morning light.

And slumb'ring now within the strings
Are half a hundred little wings
That brushed the moon but yesternight.

I need but touch just softly—so!
And singing winds and waters flow
And dreaming birds awakened flash!

Or fiercely on a quicker note
Arouse the lance—the quarter coat,
And trumpets in the tourney crash.

And yet—and yet—alack a day!
I have a mind to cast away
My pearlèd ebon instrument,

For how shall I, unworthy, vain,
Awaken into life again
The magic with her laughter blent?

ARTHUR A. EAGLESTONE.

GIPSY LOVE.

A gipsy sang a wild sweet song,
Which echoed through the woods and stirred my heart.

* * * * *

Pierced were her ears with rings of gold
That stood out bold
Against her dusky hair
And soft neck round and bare,
While berries wondrous big and red
Encircled like a crown of jewels her head.

She saw me then and slowly came,
Her eyes aflame
With questionings. She smiled
And in my heart a wild
Sweet love was born. There was a moon
High up above that summer night in June.

And now across the dusty grass
The horses pass
Dragging their caravans.
The gentle breeze that fans
Them on their way whispers and sighs.
And oh! the blackness of her deep set eyes.

* * * * *

And still I hear the gipsy sing
That wild sweet song which stirred my heart.

KATHLEEN MORRISON.

We also select for printing:

LENT LILIES.

Now shades cluster under
The flowers and chairs,
And hedgerow and wainscot
Are muffled in gloom;
Now softly are shining
Through dusk-sweetened airs
A moon in your garden,
A lamp in your room.

But the moon is so young,
Your lamp is so low,
That nothing at all
Can I see where I pass,
But the yellow Lent lilies
With green stems below
That stand on your table,
That nod on your grass."

(C. A. Macartney, 11, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris, 6ième.)

From the large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the thirty by G. B. Chase (Wallingford), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Cicely Nevill (Dunedin, N.Z.), G. Lawrence Groom (London, N.W.), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, U.S.A.), Una Malleson (London, W.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Ivan Adair (Dublin), "Link Lodge" (Forest Rise), William King (Edinburgh), Diana Patrick (Wallingford), M. B. (Calne), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Olga Mills (Croydon), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), Faith Hearn (Florence, Italy), Mary Forbester (Leicester), Oscar Williams (New York), Muriel Grainger (Hampstead), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Dulcima Glasby (London, N.W.), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), A. M. Wall (Nottingham), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), M. D. Baynes (Pitchcombe), A. M. Hughes-Carr (Balham), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Ethel Mulvaney, of 21, Drury Street, Dublin, for the following:

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT. By MURIEL HINE. (Lane.)

"Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

We also select for printing:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH.
(Thornton Butterworth.)

"There must be something good in you, I know—
Or why does every one abuse you so?"
OWEN SEAMAN, *In Praise of Fog.*

(Edith M. Dean, Clare Hall, Clare, Suffolk.)

BLACK OBJECTS. By COULSON KERNAHAN. (R.T.S.)

"One little, two little, three little, four little,
Five little nigger boys;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little,
Ten little nigger boys."
Old Nursery Rhymes.

(Sybil Senior, 2, Compton Street, Eastbourne.)

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON. By F. A. MACKENZIE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
BEN JOHNSON, *To Celia.*

(J. M. Johnston, Knowetop Lodge, Motherwell.)

MODERN ENGLISH STATESMEN.
By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. (Allen & Unwin.)

"So much they talked, so very little said."
CHURCHILL, *The Rosciad.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

IRISH MEMORIES.
By E. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS. (Longmans.)

"The isle is full of noises."
The Tempest, Act III., Sc. iii.

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the reply in not more than three hundred words to the question: If it were possible for you to spend an evening with any famous author of the past, which one would you rather meet and why? is awarded to Miss Duffin, of Riddel Hall, Stranmiller's Road, Belfast, for the following:

Whom shall I choose? Scott? Lamb? Warm, human personalities both, and I feel I could be at ease with either. I would give much to hear that delightful laugh of Sir Walter's, which all but sounds in Lockhart's description—or to catch the fleeting delight of a stammered pun from the lips of Lamb. But on consideration, I feel I know them both very well already. The same objection applies to Dr. Johnson; thanks to Bozzy's industry, I have spent many evenings in the Doctor's company. Besides, I might be nervous: one of those sledge-hammer retorts, I feel, would wither on my lips all my carefully prepared and intelligent questions.

No. I will be bold, and give my vote for an evening with Shakespeare. Not altogether for the delight of hearing the author of "Hamlet" discuss philosophy, and the inventor of the Witches, of the ghosts of Hamlet's father and of Banquo give his views on psychic phenomena. Not even that I long to question the creator of Portia, of Lady Macbeth, of Rosalind, and Juliet, as to his opinions on the emancipation of women, eliciting perhaps a comment on Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography and the psychology of Christabel Pankhurst.

Delightful, certainly! But the real joy of my evening with Shakespeare would be the aftermath. Think of demolishing the commentators, of sweeping into limbo the millions of foot-notes that encrust his works like barnacles on a stately ship! Of proving beyond question that Lady Macbeth was tall and masculine (or frail and feminine, as the case may be)! Of settling once and for ever the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets! And, oh, wondrous thought, of informing a breathless world on unimpeachable authority that Shakespeare was (or was not) Bacon!

I choose Shakespeare.

Other replies are very good indeed, and but for lack of space we should have printed several. The authors chiefly favoured by competitors are Shakespeare and Dickens. Lamb, Johnson, Goldsmith, Stevenson, have each a good following, and from two to four papers each are devoted to Chaucer, Homer, Carlyle, Ruskin, Burns, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Keats, Wordsworth, Jack London, Coleridge, Byron, Borrow, and among the many who would each be welcome to one competitor are St. Luke, Thomas Traherne, Plato, Mrs. Riddell and Twells Brex. One competitor rather anticipates things, and names an author who is still living. We select for special commendation the twelve replies by Victor S. Pritchett (Bromley), Mabel Westby Nunn (Cheltenham), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), K. Norman Browne (Bournemouth), H. A. Venting Gibbs (Epsom), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), J. R. Sisson (Wallasey), E. M. Ruglen-Gregory (Weston-super-Mare), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), M. P. Lillie (Ullapool), A. M. Warren (Moffatt), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury).

Mr. Russell Green,
whose new book of poems, "Passions," Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Gertrude Pitt, of 8, Wyndham Crescent, N.19, for the following:

IN THE MOUNTAINS. (Macmillan.)

Surely there is no one but "Elizabeth" who possesses this fascinating blend of humour and philosophy? War has laid a ruthless hand upon her: the gardens and solitary summers of the Fatherland are forgotten, the "Man of Wrath" is no more, and in mountain solitudes she seeks healing for her sorrows. But soon "cheerfulness is breaking through," the seclusion is invaded, and in supervising a middle-aged romance, her zest for life returns. There are wise and witty aphorisms on many subjects, including Tobacco and Kissing, intriguing lures betraying an ardent book-lover, and a "hitherto-unpublished" letter from Henry James!

XUM

We also select for printing:

NEEDLECRAFT FOR OLDER GIRLS.
By MARGARET SWANSON. (Longmans.)

This book is a Compendium of Psychology based upon Needlecraft as used by the growing girl. The many illustrations—verbal and pictorial—are designed with this purpose, and instead of an epitome of Needlecraft, at a certain stage, one is conscious of having read an interesting treatise on the "Psychology of the Adolescent." The importance given to "Stitchery" as a means of self-expression should make the book invaluable to those who advocate "home-making" for girls, while those who fear the loss of "womanliness" in the future education of girls will rejoice greatly that their fears are vain!

(J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

This prize would have been awarded to J. R. McCallum (Oxford), but he has considerably exceeded the hundred words. We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Alan G. Fraser (Broadstairs), R. M. Jefferyes (Sloane Square), E. M. Liddell (Chepstow), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), E. M. Peet (Southport), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Winifred Bates (Bridport), E. Hicks (London, N.W.), Isabella Griffin (Wolverhampton), Barker Ogden (Wimbledon), M. K. Boothby (Newby), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), E. G. Horner (Surbiton), F. Webster (Walworth), F. A. Douglas (London, S.W.), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Sybil Sandeman (London, S.W.), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Queenie Scott-Hopper, 25, The Crescent, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FEW, if any, persons who take a real interest in English literature, and who read Professor Elton's earlier "Survey" of its progress from 1780 to 1830, will not be anxious to see what he has to say of the other fifty years that followed. There are of course still some differences in estimate of our whole body of letters from the death of Johnson to that of Scott, and more on details of person and book. But something like a *communis sensus*, both in the original meaning of the Latin, and the transferred one of its English equivalent, has, or ought to have, been reached respecting all this. How far that is from being the case with regard to what is loosely called Victorian literature or, with a little more precision, Early and Mid-Victorian, everybody knows. Was this literature, in spite of the drawbacks and foibles which, like all other periods, it showed in some ways, in others the equal or almost the equal of the greatest? Or was it, with some redeeming features, a lamentable exhibition of sentimentality, pretension, snobbishness, prudery, cant, false wit, etc.? Or ought one to adopt or construct for oneself, one of the almost infinitely possible shades of opinion between these two extremes? For a period like the present, in which individuality of thought is certainly not the strongest element, and in which myriads of half-educated folk undulate from one loudly-voiced gospel to another, a guide who can offer a soundly twisted rope to hold by through the whole maze ought to be welcome.

For such a guide's office Professor Elton has some remarkable qualifications, independent of his undoubted intellectual ability and his personal and professional acquaintance with his subject. Perhaps the most important of all of these for the company who are likely to make use of his services, is that of age and consequent starting-point. He is neither a fossil of the first half of the nineteenth century, nor a suckling of the earliest twentieth. He is one of those who, coming to such years of discretion as they were ever to attain in the early eighties, found themselves in the ebb of that tide, both of production and of reception, which had begun to flow at the opening of the period of his present book. These eighties themselves, earlier and later, were to be nearly as curious a reaping-time for the great ones of the immediate past as the thirties had been. Carlyle, Newman, Arnold, Browning, were to go in the actual decade; and Tennyson to follow soon after. Even the so-called Pre-Raphaelite phase of poetry was not new to the young men of that day. So they very generally revolted, as at such times young men will do, and they very often spoke unadvisedly with their lips, as revolters always do; though out of youth there comes always much, and out of revolt often something, that is worth heeding.

It may be left to the twenty-first century, if it cares to take up the usual though possibly not very estimable habit of its forerunners, to look up any earlier utterances of Professor Elton's and compare them with this. It is pretty certain that if any apparent inconsistency be found it will go to prove, not any transaction or compromise such as is often charged against advancing years, but merely that quality of balanced judgment which should be their best acquisition. Differ of course one may; if anybody could read eight hundred pages of somebody else's literary criticism and agree with everything in it, it is a question whether he ought not to go and hang himself—being evidently "a thing of no value, only a duplicate." The questions of importance in such a book are: "Is it well informed?" "Is it distinguished by critical ability?" and last, but perhaps most important of all, "Is the writer capable of giving, and willing to give, due praise to the literary value of things with which, on non-literary points, he does not sympathise?" Or to put these queries in different words: "Does this man know?" "Does he understand?" "Can he in the true sense, judge?" and "Can he put his judgments so that they are worth reading?" In Professor Elton's case all these questions may, allowing for the inevitable differences of personal opinion just referred to, be answered cheerfully in the affirmative.

Some of these differences, and the most instructive of them, turn perhaps not so much on personal taste as on personal experience. For instance, Mr. Elton thinks Blanche Amory "almost a failure" and "jarring."

*"A Survey of English Literature, 1830-1880." By Oliver Elton, Hon. D.Litt., Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool. 2 vols. (Edward Arnold.)

Whence it is clear that he has never met her, and perhaps likely that he has never read the Memoirs of that Mongol minx, Marie Bashkirtseff, in whom Blanche turned up alive, though at a longer interval, as another masterpiece of Thackeray's—Costigan—did, *after* their respective book-creations. (Since these lines were written another writer has compared Marie to a living lady, who is, however, not nearly so like her as she is like Blanche.) The present reviewer is proud to say that he has met, talked to, danced with, etc., if not the perfect Blanche, quite a number of what may be called "Blanch*ettes*"—mere Nature's attempts at what Art had already anticipated and perfected. Whether our author's state or ours be more gracious, who shall decide? Other disagreements *à l'amiable* may perhaps arise from a certain generous habit which Professor Elton has of sometimes disregarding that disagreeable but useful functionary—the Devil's Advocate. For instance, again, in echoing the common praise of S. R. Gardiner, he gives the unwary no warning that there are persons, not quite fools or quite ignorant of the period, who utterly deny that historian's real impartiality, though they admit and indeed urge a most dangerous simulation of it in him; who say that Gardiner's omissions are sometimes as treacherous as Macaulay's "plurals"—indeed much more so, because they hide instead of proclaiming themselves. These opponents may be right or they may be wrong; but their existence should perhaps not be passed over. So also it might not have been quite superfluous to mention that the "massive fragments" (p. 73) of Lord Acton's never completed *opus* or *opera*, drew from some even of those who had taken him on trust reluctant reminiscences of Sterne and Sydney Smith and Horner and the parish bull. But it may no doubt be contended that an excess of generosity in a survey like this is very much more of a merit than of a fault. For it is much better for the reader who is not likely to go further to know the successes rather than the failures of the subjects: while those who are, as many should be, induced to undertake direct study, will, if they are good for anything, soon discover the blots as well as the beauties.

This is all the more to be allowed our author because he never turns a merely "foolish face of praise" on any of his heroes or texts. There are, perhaps, no three writers (to take examples of the most diverse kinds) with whom he would seem to be in more sympathy than Dickens, Mark Pattison, and George Meredith. "Mark" has perhaps no "whole-hoggers," and he would probably have been as rude to them—if they had existed and he had been brought in contact with them—as Browning was the reverse to his. But the two pages on the Rector of Lincoln here are admirably just, and here the blots, though not dwelt on, are at least allowed. So, with Dickens, though Mr. Elton may approve a stream of tendency which some deplore, it does not in the least induce him to mask the extraordinary inequality in art, taste, logic, style—everything, which characterises that great writer. And though he is an undoubted Meredithian, the swagger of the Meredithian stalwart, which has often amused the true Comic Spirit so much, is a quite impossible attitude for him. Indeed, by quoting that simple yet final utterance of "O! George, why don't you write as you talk?" in which Sir Francis Burnand summed up the spoken or unspoken thought of all (except idolaters) who ever had a conversation of any length with the novelist—he has put on record most of the reasonable indictment against his subject.

But such animadversion only touches points of the general handling, while that general handling itself, though difficult to characterise briefly, is the thing which makes the book valuable. Once more one may disagree with Mr. Elton in some respects, such as his apparent concession sometimes to the latest of critical heresies, the confounding of form and matter after all the pains that have been taken to keep them distinct and all the advantage which the distinction has conferred on those who observe it. Still, in one passage on Swinburne's marvellous miniature, "Love laid his sleepless head," he restores to us as "outline" what certain esteemed but perhaps mistaken critics would take away from us as "form." Indeed we rather like "outline," which reminds us of Mr. Mantalini. His general estimates of the poets come always "right in the main," whether they be Tennyson or Browning, Arnold or the Rossettis, Swinburne or Morris. Nor is he less successful with, or less interested in, the prose-writers. The opening chapter on Carlyle is one of the best discussions of that by no means easy subject known to us. "Macaulay and Froude"—a felicitous and rather audacious coupling—gives opportunities for a different kind of evaluation: and the section devoted to Newman is one of the most remarkable in the whole book. For once here is a looker-on—for it cannot be impertinent to assume that Professor Elton backs the side neither of the Tractarian nor of the Evangelical, nor of the Roman Catholic, nor of the Anglican indignant or regretful at Newman's secession—who *does* see the game steadily and clearly. As in the case of the Carlyle, it may be recommended as a quite exceptionally good treatment of the subject for the general reader.

But that reader ought perhaps to be most indebted to Mr. Elton for his notices of minor writers. It is in regard to them that the historian of literature on a large scale in point of time and matter, and a small one in point of space, feels the cramp and confinement most. He has to give three lines where he would like to give thirty, and thirty where he would like to give three hundred. Professor Elton has had the room, and has allotted it well and wisely. Perhaps only those who have gone over the whole of the same ground carefully themselves are justified in saying—and we think they can say it—that he has scarcely left out any author who had a distinct right to come in.

And even this commendation does not exhaust the merits of the book. Such a book may be a very faithful chronicle or catalogue without "finding the whole," or communicating that whole to its readers. Not merely in a short but excellent summing up but throughout his work Professor Elton has pointed out, to all but Mr. Wilful Wontsee and Mr. Impotent Cantsee, the remarkable combinations of nobility and variety in spirit, of precision and freedom in form, which characterised the period and which, to say the least, have not been quite so perceptible since. So he may be safely pronounced to be *bene meritus* of the time and the country of his birth.

XUM

MRS. C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

I AM not sure whether Mrs. Dawson Scott is at her best in her home or in her books.

That she is great both in her home and in her books there is no gainsaying. A woman whose qualities, like her eyes, lie in ambush—to spring out upon you suddenly. She is all womanly, motherly. And she has that magic gift of the mistress of a *salon* which transforms half-dead creatures into palpitant human beings.

It doesn't matter, of course; but I am not overmuch in love with what is known as literary and artistic society. I would rather any day talk with a common workman in the tap-room of a pothouse than with the highest of highbrows. But I have met at Mrs. Dawson Scott's house men and women of flesh and blood whom I have shunned at other houses as mere figments whose skin seemed made of parchment, and whose veins seemed filled with ink.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott.**

Mrs. Dawson Scott has a girlish habit of clasping her hands together, not in a prayerful attitude, rather as if she would hug herself for very joy in the capture of your friendship, your confidence. She seems always a little surprised, a little excited, at finding that you and she understand one another. "Oh, *yes*!" she exclaims. That expresses her acceptance, her acclamation of the truth of things. She has a very passion for truth. I have never read any books that were more free from fake than her books. It must be the truth, even if it be improbable truth, unkindly truth, that she seeks after and expounds.

When you are reading her stories you feel that you are not so much hearing about people as living with them. She does not lead or drive you; she goes with you; and such is her compelling force that if you love her company, as I do, you can only say in the spirit of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

I feel sorry for the many who have not as yet read her books. When I read "Against the Grain," better and more aptly named in America, "The Rolling Stone," I felt sorry for myself on reflecting that this was the first book of hers I had read. And then I found that it was not the first. I had read "Wastralls," and I had not forgotten it. I had only forgotten the author's name. Since then I have read "The Story of Anna Beames," "Mrs. Noakes," and her last wonderful, terrible novel, "The Headland." I have read all these books at least twice. I have also read most of her poems—more than twice. They are poems.

I would not like to say off-hand which of her books I like best. There is "Against the Grain," otherwise "The Rolling Stone," with its especial appeal to my temperament. It is hard to realise even now that a woman wrote that book. One would have thought that the character of her hero, Harry King, was so altogether outside a woman's experience. This is not to question that women have the fighting spirit. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." But in Harry King Mrs. Dawson Scott projected a man to whom the love of fighting for sheer fighting's sake was the beginning and the end of life. There was nothing worth having that hadn't to be fought for. And, indeed, the fighting was far better worth while than the end to be gained by the fighting. And it was real fighting, not the fighting of wits against wits, mind against mind, but the physical conflict of brute strength and skill against brute strength and skill. In less sure hands such a theme would be repellent, such a man hateful. In Mrs. Dawson Scott's hands the theme is made intensely attractive, the man most lovable.

As a rule women have a crude taste in men. That at least is one of the faults that most men find in most women's books. And perhaps Mrs. Dawson Scott is not wholly free from this reproach, which however is not to say that her men are not real men. Reuben Noakes is a very real man—and utterly abominable. He is a selfish *bon viveur* to whom the only things that matter are the so-called "good things" of life, which include drink, cards and racing. Truth, honour, the well-being of his wife and children: these are as nothing to him. But—he is outwardly kind, he is very fond and gentle and caressing, he has curly hair; and so all else is forgiven him, everything, everybody else is sacrificed to him—by his wife.

Again, in "Wastralls," there is the dark, sullen Leadville Byron. "Love did not at any time come easily to him, and all the emotion of which he was capable had long been concentrated upon Wastralls." In order to possess this farm he marries its owner, Sabina Rosevear—"big, ripe, fair, a woman who might have stepped out of the Elizabethan age"—only to find that she is now as much in the way of his ambition as she had been before he wooed and won her. She treats him almost as if he were an irresponsible child.

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She meets with an accident, and becomes loathly to his senses. He plots to murder her, and thinks he has succeeded. And when I read that he had not succeeded, that by this attempted murder he had for ever ruined all his hopes, I was as sorry for him as if I had known him. Is it possible to pay a higher tribute to the power of the author than that, especially as my sympathy was obviously misplaced and should have been with the triumph of the dead Sabina?

And then there is Stephen Barclay in "The Story of Anna Beames"; fierce, coarse, cunning, shallow, something of a dare-devil, something of a windbag, something of a coward. He fascinates poor Anna in the time of her second blooming. Her narrow life has warped her imagination. She does not understand. He seduces her, deserts her, marries her under compulsion, and is finally instrumental in encompassing her death in child-birth. He is not very like Mrs. Dawson Scott's other men; and yet there is that likeness in unlikeness of the primitive male whose appeal to the average woman seems irresistible.

And now this latest, greatest book, "The Headland." It differs a little from Mrs. Dawson Scott's other books in that it deals mainly with debased rather than with predominant types. And yet it resembles her other books in that its story is so inimitably told that it cannot be retold. It is indeed this exquisite economy of means which makes it so hard for the mere reader to render again any of Mrs. Dawson Scott's work at all adequately. On the one hand you have the broad effects: the wide spaces and elemental forces of Nature in raw travail, naked and unashamed—the Headland rocks under you as you read!—on the other, the fine close etching in of detail. And anyway no one ever reads any first-class story—and above all Mrs. Dawson Scott's stories—solely for the sake of their plot. One reads them because they mirror life, its beauty and its ugliness, its comedy and tragedy: life reflected, as only it can be, by the light of genius.

One is, however, chary of the use of that word "genius." All those who are geniuses know it, but some know it who are not geniuses. There's the rub. Genius is a simple thing, and so, like all simple things, profound. Mrs. Dawson Scott's genius lies more in her humanness than in her tragic faculty. It is her humanness that I started out to insist upon. And I have strayed a little from my starting-point. I like best in her work that lively insight into the depths of what we call the commonplace. Her peasants, her humbler folk, her minor characters generally: these are the simple souls she delights in and introduces to us with the same delicate unconscious art that she would employ in introducing a prizefighter to a poet. Her sketches of such people are as subtle and finished as her full-length portraits.

There is Tunks. "'Poor Tunks!' said Anna Beames lightly." But poor Tunks, with his gooseberry-coloured eyes and uncouth figure, is inestimably richer in the guerdon of manhood than her tinsel idol, Stephen Barclay, or her three bowelless brothers, the vicar and the two doctors. And Trispin Job in "The Headland," glimpsed, as it were, in a flash of lightning, yet fully revealed in just those few words of stern condemnation touched with pity that any honest man might pass upon any such horrible degenerate as Hendre Pendragon: "Up to â's tricks agen, is â?"

But this brief, feeble appreciation of Mrs. Dawson Scott and her work would have to be rewritten—it would have to be one of many other essays on other phases of her work—to be commensurate with its worth.

I have said that Mrs. Dawson Scott is a poet. If she had never written a line of verse, or even a line of prose, she would still be a poet. She has the poetic vision. That she has chosen to follow the tragic Muse in the pursuit of her art means merely that she sees in the bigger issues of life all that they involve of lesser issues. But, says she:

> ". . . Give me the sun
> Fierce on my head, the sand
> Hot, blistering beneath my naked foot—
> Give sun or storm
> So that I live!"

And again:

> ". . . But I can look
> From the dark face that dreams above my heart
> And laugh."

New Books.

CHESTERTON THE UNCHANGED.*

Mr. Chesterton does not change. Like another public character of festive reputation he is still going strong. He writes the same little essays in the same old way, indicating infallibly what is wrong with the world and putting it right with suspicious ease, reducing all the difficulties of life to a pair of simple alternatives, greeting the obvious with a cheer, puncturing the windbags, exposing the humbugs, and sometimes exposing himself in the process. There is an example of this self-exposure in the present volume—an essay on Meredith that Mr. Chesterton's better angel should have made him suppress. He is welcome, of course, to praise Meredith as highly as he pleases—but does he really find it necessary to slander Thomas Hardy in the process? He once permitted himself to describe Hardy as "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." So far from repenting, he now writes thus:

> "Mr. Hardy is wholly of our own generation, which is a very unpleasant thing to be. He is shrill and not mellow. He does not worship the unknown God: he knows the God (or thinks he knows the God) and dislikes Him. He is not a pantheist: he is a pandiabolist. The great agnostics of the Victorian age said there was no purpose in Nature. Mr. Hardy is a mystic; he says there is an evil purpose. . . . Swinburne and Thomas Hardy talk almost in words of one syllable; but the philosophical upshot can be expressed in the most famous of all words of one syllable—damn. Their words are common words; but their view (thank God) is not a common view. They denounce in the style of a spelling-book."

There is a point at which an alleged honest opinion is not entitled to the least respect. Mr. Chesterton has reached that point here. A man who declares that Hardy is "shrill and not mellow" is no more respectable than a man who declares that the sun is green and not luminous. Mr. Chesterton is great enough to be told bluntly that such an utterance from him is silly, if not disgraceful.

* "The Uses of Diversity." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Its intellectual level is no higher than that of a suburban debating society at which crude young men argue about "Capital" and "Labour" without any idea of what they mean by these empty words. Mr. Chesterton (who will sometimes sacrifice truth to an antithesis)can no more get on without his pair of alternatives than G. P. R. James could get on without his pair of horsemen, and so, in order to discuss Meredith he has to invent a bogey-man to which he attaches the name of Hardy. I am not going to argue with Mr. Chesterton, I will simply tell him that Thomas Hardy is one of the glories of English letters; that he is almost the only novelist we can set without shame by the side of Flaubert, Dostoevsky and Turgenev; that "The Dynasts" is the greatest poem produced in Europe since "Faust"; and that in writing as he does of such a man he is simply making a public exhibition of folly. I profess that I admire Mr. Chesterton as a cheerful, courageous and wholesome influence in these horrid times; but I hope my admiration is not inconsistent with an honest resentment.

Let us turn to more pleasant matters. The essays in this volume, as in all its predecessors, show Mr. Chesterton's happy combination of gravity of purpose with levity of manner. Here, as elsewhere, his hand is heavy on the so-called "Lady Bountiful." I rejoice in the castigation, for I know the spirit of the people who run the poor as an occupation or duty or amusement. Heartily do I enjoy Mr. Chesterton's "Ballade d'une Grande Dame," the essential truth of which is unquestionable. In the present volume he connects our Lady Bountifuls, our hard, heartless, uncharitable charity-mongers, with Jane Austen, above all people, and his essay may be starred as an excellent example of his penetrating, revealing criticism.

There are other subjects here on which he enlarges with pleasure to himself and delight to his readers—detective stories, Christian science, spiritualism and the joys of life. I like his reference to the Coventry Nativity Play (produced a couple of years ago) as an example of mediæval, humorous reverence; but I wish he had said a faithful word about the performers, who, when I saw it, drawled and droned out their lines like a pale young curate intoning collects. Surely, in minimising the liveliness of the play they were minimising the essential reverence!

Well, here is the volume, with its faults and its many merits. You must be a crusty old creature if you cannot receive it with joy, gratitude and admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE END OF THE ROMANOVS.*

The old Russian slogan, "Life for the Tsar," sounds in bitter ironic contrast when the dire fate of the last of the Tsars in 1918 is considered. But it was not the great mass of the Russian people who desired or decreed the massacre of their Imperial Family. The crime was the work of a number of polyglot Jews, headed by Lenin, who were in the pay of Germany, and the actual assassins were certain of these Jews assisted by soldiers of Magyar and Lett nationality.

These facts are further established in Mr. Robert Wilton's book. He had special opportunities for elucidating the facts of the murders which the Bolshevists had entangled in a network of lies, for they gave out a false report of the "execution"; they destroyed the bodies of their victims, but later invented a bogus funeral; and they staged a mock trial of assassins with imaginary names. But murder will out.

In April, 1919, Mr. Wilton being in Ekaterinburg, the scene of the murders, met N. A. Sokolov, the investigating magistrate who had been appointed by Koltchak to ascertain the truth about the end of the Imperial Family. "He was relentless, tireless, full of resource in the pursuit alike of murderers and beasts of prey. . . . It is thanks to him that an overwhelming mass of evidence has been built up into a structure that cannot be overthrown." Mr. Wilton was with Sokolov during many months of the inquiry.

One is glad to find that the author produces fresh evidence to prove that the Empress was never pro-German, as many people no doubt still innocently believe:

> "She hated Germany with a bitterness and a fervour equalled only by her contempt and loathing for the Russians—always excepting the peasants, whom she imagined to be endowed with all the virtues and qualities that Rasputin was supposed to possess."

When the Bolshevists wanted to take the Tsar to Moscow, he turned to his followers and said: "You see they want me to sign the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. But I would rather cut off my hand than do so." The Empress, much agitated, interposed: "I am also going. Without me they will persuade him into doing something, as they did before. . . . The Germans know that their treaty is valueless without the Tsar's signature. They want to separate him from his family in order to frighten him into some disgraceful act." She lost all self-control, at times pacing the room like a caged tigress, and then bursting into a storm of tears.

Mr. Wilton relates the whole course of the Via Crucis of the Imperial Family from Tsarskoe-Selo to Tobolsk, and then to Ekaterinburg, where their final agony began and ended:

> "The prisoners were in a trap from which there was no escape. There was no privacy, not even for the girls—no consideration for decency or modesty. . . . The guards sang revolutionary songs devised to hurt and shock the feelings of the prisoners, containing foul words such as no man should dare to utter in the presence of innocent girls; but the revolutionary warriors delighted in wounding the modesty of the Grand Duchesses in this and in still more repulsive ways, by filthy scribbling and drawings on the walls and by crowding round the lavatory—there was only one for the prisoners and the warders."

On the night appointed for the murders—July 16th, 1918—the Imperial Family and the four faithful attendants who remained with them were conducted to a semi-basement room, and this is how they were dispatched:

> "The twelve revolvers volleyed instantly, and all the prisoners fell to the ground. Death had been instantaneous in the case of the parents and three of the children, and of Dr. Botkin and two servants. Alexis (the young Tsarevich) remained alive in spite of his wounds, and moaned and struggled in his agony. Yurovsky finished him with his Colt. One of the girls—presumably the youngest Grand Duchess, Anastasia—rolled about and screamed, and, when one of the murderers approached, fought desperately with him till he killed her. . . ."

That same night the bodies were mutilated and burned, and the ashes cast into the disused shaft of a mine.

Surely the most appalling crime in all the annals of history, for at any rate the five children were innocent of any offence.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Last Days of the Romanovs from March 15th, 1917." Part I: The Narrative of Robert Wilton, Special Correspondent of *The Times*. Part II: The Depositions of Eye-Witnesses. Illustrated from actual photographs. 15s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SPEECH.*

Many of us can recall with interest the alternating dullness and brightness of the English hour at school or college. The dull hour perhaps predominated, but the joy of the other hours made up for it. Those who wish to recall those happier interludes cannot do better than turn to Miss Alethea Chaplin's pages, where they will find the old charm revived. In her bibliography she mentions that "Archbishop Trench's books, 'English Past and Present' and 'On the Study of Words,' are still suggestive." This is faint praise, and only Miss Chaplin's own sprightliness reconciles us oldsters to this lack of enthusiasm for the ideals of our youth. I looked, without much hope I confess, to see whether Sullivan's "Dictionary of Derivations" found a place of honour in Miss Chaplin's list. To one who has worked through a dictionary and been

* "The Romance of Language." By Alethea Chaplin. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

examined on it page by page it is almost impossible not to think of that dictionary more highly than one ought to think. No doubt Miss Chaplin is right in omitting a book that must be very old-fashioned now, and perhaps never was quite authoritative. For she is nothing if not modern. Still, entertaining as she is throughout, she does not lack her slightly arid pages. This is written in praise, not in blame. One cannot, one should not, be brilliant all the time—a lesson that some of our literary young men do not seem to have learned. Miss Chaplin relieves the fascinating brilliancy of her romance of words by occasional expositions on language in general, and on the history of English in particular.

There is nothing that is remarkably novel in the book. The ground has been well covered many times before, but one need not be quite so pessimistic as our authoress when she says that she will " not attempt the impossible—the making of discoveries." There are things still to be found out with regard to language, and she herself indicates quite a number of them in the text. The next best thing to answering a question is to state it clearly, and this Miss Chaplin has done in many cases, though it is only fair to say that she answers many more questions than she leaves in the air. We have all our pet aversions in style, and one of mine is the irritatingly hopeless wish of this type: " If only those sculptured lions could speak, what stories they would tell!" It is seldom, however, that Miss Chaplin is vague like this. Indeed she is generally particularly direct and effective in her statements. What could be more straight than " From this point of view [namely, that simplification of a language is a gain, not a loss] English is the most advanced and the most enlightened of all languages, and therefore the most suitable for expressing the wants and thoughts of men." If some readers are not sure that they speak good enough English to take credit to themselves for the mastery of such a perfect instrument, Miss Chaplin is ready with the comfort that many of our so-called mistakes in grammar have historical justification, and even those who make " join " rhyme with line " have behind them the magisterial example of Pope. Some of the *obiter dicta* here may call for comment. I am not sure that the experience of our troops in France would justify the statement that the interjections " are among the last bits of a language to be acquired by a foreigner."

I learn from the title page that Miss Chaplin has published " General Knowledge Papers." This is a danger signal, and all young people preparing for their first school examination should earnestly pray that this book may not fall into the hands of examiners eager for interesting and puzzling questions. If their prayer is unanswered the only resource of the young people will be to buy for themselves and read this entrancingly instructive volume.

JOHN ADAMS.

GOETHE.*

How came it to pass that Dr. Hume Brown, a man engaged in the exposition of Scottish Chronicles, should devote his holidays during many years to the construction of a new " Life of Goethe "? No one would have claimed for Professor Hume Brown prerogative as poet or critic of poetry. His capacity for setting forth, against the background of Queen Mary's epoch, a humanist who took verse in his academic stride, was readily acknowledged. This author's biography of George Buchanan stands unrivalled as a description of that scholar.

But Goethe—the evoker of orbic verse, the equally distinguished wielder of a prose often as clear as Genesis, yet encyclopedic in its themes, shot through and through with theory of æsthetics, subtly enriched from a uniquely large vocabulary! Was it not a too daring enterprise for this palæographer to track the experiences of such genius in its upper air? No. The Scot has succeeded. His performance is heroic, in its jog-trot fidelity to common sense; in its balanced presentment of a creator of epic who is himself eponymous in the evolution of Germany's science no less than of its letters; in the scale of values by which he ranges forth other writers in Goethe's company—for instance, the loyalties of Schiller; the first-rate comedy of Lavater's sentimental prankings; the revelation of Voltaire as an acid test in history, while the seer beyond the Rhine is a spirit of fostering, charitable impulse; the quantification of this thinker's loose relation to classic literatures. No signal discoveries mark these pages. The criticism of poetic matters is broad rather than penetrating. The corpus of poetic extracts—sometimes in the original, sometimes in translation—does not at all impress one with this biographer's power to rank, as an illustrator of genius, beside a Coleridge or an Arnold. It is surely, by the way, a pity that a book constructed to be a gift to plain English readers should marshal the many quotations in its foot-notes without English renderings. Not seldom, this stout-hearted professor of Scottish history, surveying his mighty subject—no less now than the king of all modern humanists—intrigues us to doubt whether he did not share the spasm of dismay that occasionally visits many students of Goethe. Was there a considerable element of sham—of lath and plaster—in this imposing potentate? Why did Professor Hume Brown choose for his two goodly volumes these fearsome portraits as frontispieces? In our more placid moments we are glad to fall back on the testimony of many a literary friend of Goethe's, that this skald's bearing and countenance were godlike. We trust our own Lockhart when he pencils to Scott this note: " One must be struck with the majestic beauty of Goethe's countenance, the noblest certainly by far that I have ever yet seen." Yet Steiler's portrait that opens Hume Brown's first volume suggests a defaulting solicitor caught in a forgery. Maclise's portrait of senility in the second volume

Goethe's House in Weimar.
From "Life of Goethe" by P. Hume Brown (John Murray).

* " Life of Goethe." By Professor P. Hume Brown, F.B.A., with Prefatory Note by Viscount Haldane. Illustrations. Two Volumes. 36s. net. (Murray.)

really could serve to indicate one of the dealers in old clothes who until lately haunted the southern corner of Professor Hume Brown's University. The first picture might be labelled, "Found Out"; the second, "Worn Out." It must have been with some subconscious smirk that our author allowed these disembowelling limnings to issue from his collection.

But we recover from such shocks. On a sober attempt to achieve opinion about Goethe, we reach the positives that cumulatively prove his to have been as many-chambered a brain as modern Europe has known. While we go back to him, and again, back, we are conscious of power hidden in calm; Rhadamanthus in serene Pentelic. Yet, as soon as our gaze leaves this marble figure, forth issue from its flanks sprites of ebriety, vanity, malice, impiety, shouldering their way among nobler phantoms equally alive—individuality demanding its birthright back from the dead hand of authority, a hunger for Greece's beauty as mordant as that of Petrarch, a conviction that life has its philosophy for untiring industry, the joy with which some men can dismiss in song the fevers of the soul, a sensing of order in external nature that matches Bacon's, and, at points, anticipates the discoveries of Darwin. It is a breathless book, this truly admirable biography, for the student willing to realise that Goethe's activity, as laid out here from ampler material than Lewes commanded, is a rupture of seals, a veritable Day of Judgment for ideals that nourished the last century's soul.

Miss Haldane is to be thanked for her labours in bringing together these chapters which her friend, Hume Brown, did not live to pass for press. To ruminant mortals, up in years, such solid, sound, bold yet not over-bold pages (dignified by something of dear old David Masson's confidence in honest research) will come as the greatest literary windfall of the year. The same ruminants, if they bestow these two volumes on students born to this yeasty ferment called the twentieth century, will be presenting a fair substitute for a university education.

One chapter Hume Brown had not even sketched out. But Lord Haldane, having the mind of his associate from divers travels and "far-ben" talks, supplies that missing chapter, in much the same judicial, lucid English that forms the staple of this biography. Lord Haldane's pronouncement deals with the Second Part of "Faust." He attaches far higher value to that performance than Lewes does. Let us not care so much whether, in this second "Faust," Goethe squanders a zest for "playing with tin soldiers," and, so far as ornament goes, moves more usually in realms of mere fancy than in those of authentic imagination. Goethe set out, from intrepid youth, to face Life alone; impatient of tradition, though grateful for creation's zest; possessed with determination to question nature through every sort of first-hand experience; and relying on no sort of God that the Christianity of his times would have acknowledged. In the second "Faust," this explorer returns from his voyagings through tempests, to give his verdict, his philosophy, about Life; a verdict and a philosophy rescinding, or at any rate transcending, the utterance of the first "Faust." Pagan Goethe's judgment is delivered without prime reference to Gods or Christs. Yet the judgment is precisely and wholly that preached by Jesus, and never more needed than by To-day: Self-conquering is Life Eternal. "*Stirb und werde.*" Lord Haldane's analysis fitly completes a right worthy book, and is itself a gift to whatever elements of modern democracy are at least as sincere in testing the spirit of man as Goethe was.

ERIC ROBERTSON.

RIGHT ROYAL.*

In "Right Royal" Mr. Masefield has told a stirring tale and, if he had been content to do only that, his poem would have been even finer and more effective than it actually is. Charles Cothill is riding his own horse in the race for the English 'Chasers' Cup over Compton Course. Right Royal is a good horse:

> "A noble horse of a nervy blood,
> By O Mon Roi out of Rectitude,"

but he has a tendency to sulk or funk on the course, and in the past has "hardly earned his entry money." The night before the race, however, Charles dreams a dream of such heartening prophecy that in the morning he backs the animal for all he is worth. Should he lose, he will have not only to sell his property, but to abandon all hope of his lady, "the golden lady Em." And there is a heavy field against him, eight of whom, as his trainer says:

> "could give him a stone,
> And twelve should beat him on form alone."

After the usual difficulty of getting the horses into line, the flag goes down, and Charles and Right Royal start well. But at the third obstacle, a hurdle and ditch, the horse jumps early and falls, and though his rider, who has kept hold of the rein, is soon mounted again, thirty lengths have been lost, and for the moment Charles is in despair:

> "Across the wet ploughland he took a good pull,
> With the thought that the cup of his sorrow was full,
> For the speed of a stag and the strength of a bull
> Could hardly recover the ground he had lost.
> Right Royal went dully, then snorted and tost,
>
> "Tost his head, with a whicker, went on, and went kind,
> And the horse's great spirit touched Charles in the mind.
> Though his bruise made him dizzy and tears made him blind,
> He would try to the finish, and so they would find."

So he goes doggedly on, sorely tempted to try by a spurt to catch up the field, but controlling himself to bide his time. Horse after horse drops out, coming to grief or unable to stay the course, but still there is a big field of great horses well ahead of him, and almost to the end Charles's case seems hopeless. It is not till they have entered the straight leading to the winning post that his moment comes:

> "Then Charles judged his second, but he could not tell how.
>
> "But a glory of sureness leaped from horse into man,
> And the man said, 'Now, beauty,' and the horse said, 'I can.'
> And the long-weary Royal made an effort the more,
> Though his heart thumped like drum-beats as he went to the fore.
>
> "Neck and neck went Sir Lopez and Soyland together,
> Soyland first, a short head, with his neck all in lather;
> Both were ridden their hardest, both were doing their best,
> Right Royal reached Soyland and came to his chest."

Right Royal passes Soyland and, after a tremendous struggle, passes Sir Lopez, the favourite. For a moment he leads, but he has not yet won:

> "A hooped black and coral flew up like a shot,
> With lightning-like effort from little Gavotte.
> The little bright mare, made of nerves and steel springs,
> Shot level beside him, shot ahead as with wings."

Gavotte, however, "died to nothing"; but then

> "Soyland came once again
> Till his muzzle just reached to the knot on his rein.
>
> "Then a whirl of urged horses thundered up, whipped and blown,
> Soyland, Peterkinooks, and Red Ember the roan.
> For an instant they challenged, then they dropped and were done,
> Then the White Post shot backwards—Right Royal had won."

So Charles is not ruined after all, and though

> "For the bets on Right Royal which Cothill had made
> The taker defaulted, they never were paid,"

he lives happy ever after with "bright Emmy Crowthorne."

It is admirable narrative poetry. Not only the details of the race and the looks and characters of the horses, as brilliantly individualised as if drawn by A. J. Munnings, but all the surroundings, the lively crowd and the shouting bookies, the landscape and the weather, are vividly rendered. There is an exciting quality in the description of the finish which cannot quite be conveyed by fragmentary quotation. Only Mr. Masefield could have

* "Right Royal." By John Masefield. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

written the poem, and only Mr. Masefield would have given it the faults which mar it.

For Mr. Masefield, as he has repeatedly shown, will never be content with a merely concrete presentment of a story. He has a metaphysical mind, for ever questing after an unrealised ideal of beauty, which insists on expressing its longings without due regard to the appropriateness of the occasion. Hence, in "Right Royal," an unconvincing machinery of Helpers and Friends, who influence the fates of the horses, and a whole succession of thoughts which pass through Cothill's mind when he ought to be—and surely would be—thinking only of winning his race. The swing of the story, moreover, is constantly interrupted by a succession of similes, which, though they may be beautiful, are quite unnecessary; for there is no need to liken racing horses to anything but themselves to convince us of their beauty. And one regrets all the more these external decorations which appear—though one knows they are not—meretricious, because Mr. Masefield can convey the beauty and thrill of the form and motion of horses so finely without them.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

OLIVER ONIONS'S NEW NOVEL.*

Any novel coming from the pen of so accomplished a craftsman as Oliver Onions is always worth reading; for it is bound to contain elements which are surprising, arresting and idiosyncratic. Whether the author is writing passionate tales from a far riding, ironical romances of the modern advertising or newspaper world, searching studies of the camp-followers of art in Hampstead or Chelsea, fantastic ghost stories which link the ages together, or sombre records of a *crime passionel* committed in the underworld of pre-war London, his *point d'appui* is always fresh, unexpected and allusive. More especially does Mr. Onions shine—take for instance the famous trilogy which begins with "In Accordance with the Evidence," continues with "The Debit Account," and concludes with "The Story of Louie"—when he seeks to squeeze the full value, corporal, pictorial and psychological, out of a baffling murder problem. As a mere example of happy mastery in unravelling the threads of a mystery and of keeping the reader all the time in an attitude of keen suspense, "A Case in Camera" is quite worthy of the writer of "The Moon Stone" and of "The Woman in White"; for, though the web of the story is less complicated, the knot is never cut by Wilkie Collins's favourite device of coincidence and melodrama. Given his initial kink, which, though seeming inexplicable at first sight, is eventually elucidated by the most natural solutions, Mr. Onions disentangles motive and action with such dexterity, and with such a reliance on the reader's own perspicacity, that when the air-pilot's motive for killing his observer is finally revealed, when too the artist on whose studio the parachute had crashed describes how from the cellar of his studio he was an eye-witness of the whole astounding affair, you realise that the clues have all been gvien and not a single one obtruded needlessly. But "A Case in Camera" is something more than a thrilling detective story. You want to know of course why the pilot, who kept his colleague's portrait in his wrist-watch, killed his observer. You want to know how the artist was able to see the whole transaction from the cellar of his studio, and why he and the brother artist who concealed the incriminating pistol deliberately hushed up the whole business. But in the course of satisfying your curiosity on these points you are forced to observe the strange reactions of the case on the conduct of the leading characters, the artist and his wife, the brother artist and his fiancée, the journalist who tells the story, the police inspector who takes the case in hand, and the estate agent—the man in the pub—who passionately but unsuccessfully endeavours to throw the light of full publicity upon it. You will note too, with an interest that should make you feel that here is a case in which killing is no murder, that the young pilot and his sweetheart are the victims of no reactions, and regard the killing of an observer on the skylight of a Chelsea studio as quite in the ordinary nature of occurrences aeronautical. On the other hand you cannot help feeling that Westbury, who discovered the younger artist with the pistol concealed about his person, had a distinct grievance, rank outsider as he was. Mr. Harry Westbury, land and estate agent by profession, reader of *John Bull* and of *The Daily Sketch* in his spare time, and would-be Public Prosecutor at the house of call he "uses," is a brilliantly original piece of characterisation, a type of pub-frequenter never so far as I know depicted before, but here realised with the most admirable humour and verisimilitude. Next to Harry Westbury I like Joan Merrow, the young airman's fiancée, a delightful young woman of the day, just emerged from flapperdom, whom the author renders with real insight and realism and with only the tiniest touch of malice. I should like to say more about Mr. Onions's latest characters; but I think I have shown that those who want entertainment and new ideas from their fiction should on no account omit to read "A Case in Camera."

W. A. L. B.

* "A Case in Camera." By Oliver Onions. 7s. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)

DR. DENNEY'S LETTERS.*

The late Principal Denney was one of the foremost theologians in our country. He brought to the study of theology a first-rate training in classics and in philosophy, but he had by nature a mind of remarkable acuteness. These qualities are known to readers of his published work. When he wrote upon theology, it was with a trenchant, original thrust; there was no pious fumbling with phrases, no amiable evasion of awkward issues. Dr. Denney saw things for himself, and said what he had to say with the conviction of a man who had applied his full mind to the subject. Even when he did not convince you, even when he was somewhat impatient of notions which did not appeal to him, you at least felt that there were no echoes in his argument, and no commonplace phrases in his paragraphs.

It will be a revelation to some that he could also write letters, real letters. For over a quarter of a century he seems to have been corresponding more or less regularly with Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and this book contains a delightful selection of his letters. We are grateful indeed to the editor for this rare memento of his friend. The two men had common interests. "We were not always of the same mind," says Sir William, "but we never differed in sympathy." A good letter requires a good receiver. No man can write out his mind with ease and security unless he can count upon a friend who will read what he writes with a sympathetic mind. Evidently Dr. Denney felt this. And, again, he could write a letter without becoming official. "Le public ne pardonnera l'ennui en aucune groupe," Voltaire once wrote. It is the unpardonable sin in some eminent men's letters, e.g., in Westcott's and in Matthew Arnold's. They are too improving in their correspondence. Now, while Dr. Denney is never playful, he relaxes; he treats his correspondents as human beings, and he writes a letter as he talked, with ease, crispness and point. One particular pleasure of this book is the sense which it leaves of a living mind, moving rapidly, and expressing itself with candour and even *abandon* upon men and things. For example, after reading Professor Kirsopp Lake's book on the Resurrection, he lets himself go. "We have enough and to spare of the kind of man who splits the world into two unrelated sections called historical and spiritual, but mostly they do not quite realise what they are doing. The odd thing in Lake is that he has some perception of it, yet does not seem to mind. 'To think that he should know what he is, and be that he is'—it is a spectacle, if not for men and angels, for philosophers and Christians to wonder at." Or again, after reading the *Hibbert Journal* decennial supplement, he breaks out: "I never read such a production; the Plain of Shinar would have been a haven of rest

* "Letters of Principal James Denney to William Robertson Nicoll." 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and a seat of light and leading in comparison with it. What struck me most in many of the papers was their conceit. It is like walking through a madhouse, where everybody that talks, talks about himself; and though there are *obiter dicta* of comparative sanity, the whole thing is as mad as Legion."

But the letters reveal much more than drastic, caustic judgment. They show a man who was generous, loyal, absorbed in the service of the Church, and alive to the public issues of the day. There are several letters which recall Hardy's line about George Meredith:

"His note was trenchant, turning kind."

There are others which prove that the writer had true public spirit and real penetration. In December, 1916, for example, he wrote: "A widely diffused feeling that everybody in the country was more deeply concerned about the war than the Government was the real power which upset the Asquith Cabinet, and any Government which leads can count on support." A hit in the bull's eye!

Dr. Denney was versed in English literature, especially of the eighteenth century. He constantly read Johnson, Pepys, Horace Walpole, Swift and Burke. He writes once: "Like you I have read Pepys twice, though not in twelve months, and think it in the strict sense of the term the most interesting book I know. There is not a square inch of it that has not interest, and it is as much a miracle in its way as 'Othello.'" I never could get him to see the greatness of "Tom Jones." Perhaps there was something about Fielding which repelled the puritan in him. And he was cool about George Eliot. "She is only good—and then no one can be better—when she is dramatic; when she is herself, she is like other preachers out of pulpits." I notice that he agrees with Lord Rosebery "on two main points—that 'Vanity Fair' is incomparably Thackeray's greatest book, and that 'Esmond' is odious." This is sad reading. "Vanity Fair" may be the masterpiece, but "odious" for "Esmond"? "Odious"! It was George Eliot who thought this novel was "the most uncomfortable book you can imagine," but I am in anguish to find Lord Rosebery and Dr. Denney flinging stones at this incomparable romance. However, this is not the place to defend "Esmond." I think more will agree with Dr. Denney that "The Fortunes of Nigel," among the Waverley Novels, is "the best of those which are not the very best." And who cannot understand what led him to protest that "as for all the profound reflections on the dramatic art in 'Wilhelm Meister,' I had a thousand times rather study the Vincent Crummleses"? But it would be endless to dip into these letters for suggestive, provoking criticisms. He knew his way in book-land, and he speaks his mind. What this volume may do for some readers who are outside the Scottish Church is to give them some notion of how finely trained a mind was at work in this Scottish theologian, how cultured it was, in the best sense of the word, and how unprovincial. I shall end this notice with quoting two words about popular works. "The Encyclopædia Britannica is a wonderful book. Monro's article on Homer is worth any money." As for the "Cambridge History of English Literature," it is "a terrible book. It is like being shown through the co-operative stores. There is everything in it you want, and everything you don't want, and an impression from which you cannot get away that the whole thing comes short somehow of being first-class." Which is frank, and not unfair.

JAMES MOFFATT.

TRANSLATORS AND POETS.

When all the most evocative and expressive words of every human language shall unite in English, a language will exist suitable for every sort of literary translation. As it is, however, poetry is well-nigh untranslatable except in the minds of those to whom such expressions as "Dear Sir" and "your favour to hand" contain the music of human intercourse. When Akenside asked: "Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?" she might have answered "my translators," not because they have always lacked skill, but because she was Greek and they were not. What she had to convey was analagous to the passion and scent of "ruinous lilies"—feeling, not anecdote. That is why I rate the "Danish Ballads,"[1] translated by Miss Smith-Dampier, higher as a carrying vehicle than the Sapphic "rendering" of the agile and enthusiastic Mr. Stacpoole and the more interesting experiments in presentation by the distinguished scholar, Dr. Arthur S. Way. The ballads, as is the case with bardic verse, seem to rise to poetry by the decree of life itself:

"They took a hair of Signild's head
To bind him foot and hand;
His haughty heart had broken
Ere he would burst that band."

Interesting as old fairy tales where prettiness is not a tyrant and the magical seems to say "I am true," are these ballads of long ago at one of which the interpretative pen of Mr. Edward Van Andel had already given me a peep. Even a prosaic person, if he can be spiritually warmed by love, valour and danger, will be able to lose himself in Miss Smith-Dampier's pages.

Human sympathy with that karmic yearning of the body, called by so many harsh names though expressive ever of the bane of monotony, the pain of solitude, is needed if Sappho is to be liked in translation. The loss in mere witchery of sound is heartbreaking: what is left is little more than a complaint and a manifestation of the dulcitude of the animal in humanity. Dr. Way[2] has done work of rare fascination to the student of the Greek poetess. He has avoided bathos; he is dignified, clever in artistry, and the translation (which he has appended to his Sapphic poems) of "Pervigilium Veneris"—a composition by an unknown ancient poet—contains a refrain of curious haunting charm:

"Tomorn who ne'er hath loved shall love, and who hath loved shall love tomorn."

As for Mr. Stacpoole[3] I am not at all sure that Sappho gains by the whitewashing chivalry of his preface. One may deeply regret that her name should contribute to the terminology of erotic science without finding it at all useful to insist fierily on the innocence or normality of her passional life. Mr. Stacpoole is an accomplished versifier, and distinctly rises to poetry in a new rendering of Ovid's heroic Epistle XV, supposed to be written by Sappho to Phaon.

Original poetry of very high quality is to be found in "Don Folquet and Other Poems."[4] The story of a troubadour who turned priest, which opens the volume, is richly endowed with irony though it glitters with the tints of romance. But if I be asked to give a reason for naming Mr. Walsh a genius (a word I do not limit in literature to the masters of the ethereal or sublime), I quote this sonnet inspired by a well-known nursery rhyme:

"Her opera chaperon was heard to say—
'Miss Moffet's nerves, you know, were quite unstrung,
Because a spider—when she was quite young—
Sat down to join her at her curds and whey.
The specialists declared to our dismay
Her life itself upon the balance hung;
Since even the shock, they said, of being stung,
Could hardly worse upon her system play.'

"And as the music died away, there came
Into the box a monster with a name
Renowned of old—but now for debts known wider—
Miss Moffet's little face looked pleased and vain.
We saw that they had cured her nervous strain
As Prince Tarantula sat down beside her."

[1] "Danish Ballads." Translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier. 6s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)
[2] "Sappho and the Vigil of Venus." Translated by Arthur S. Way. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
[3] "Sappho: A New Rendering." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
[4] "Don Folquet and Other Poems." By Thomas Walsh. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Edwin Markham, humorous, tenderly Christian, presents in his "third book of verse"[5] a very substantial proof of his ability to maintain the reputation he made with "The Man With the Hoe." As a raconteur he is workmanlike and interesting—a poet who could be read to children at a Sunday school with a fair chance of appreciation. The poem that particularly struck me in his collection is "Rest in Flight," pithily paradoxical, and beginning:

"The flying arrow, knowing its path is made,
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest;
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of the flight at rest."

Presumably it is the charm of the ludicrous which accounts for a revised and enlarged edition of "Verses from Fen and Fell"[6] by Mr. Thornely, whose "Whitewash" I have admired for twenty years. His address of the male mantis to the mate who will eat him is an outburst of affection of great worth to hypochondriacs. Unfortified by an artistic theory like Mr. Douglas Ainslie, Mr. Thornely uses terminal assonances offensive to an academic ear. He uses them, however, far less frequently than the admirable poet whom I have named. Some of his serious poetry deserves to be read attentively, e.g., "Peace in Peril."

The pathos of a *memento mori* belongs to the last book on my list.[7] Robert Kemp was a minister at Blairgowrie where he lived for thirty-four years. Born in 1856, he died in 1915 after living one of those lives compounded of devotion, innocent domesticity and literary work which the typical man of Fleet Street views with a sense of tears on the hidden side of his eyes. The little book to which Sir John Herkless has contributed a sympathetic memoir will be doubtless treasured by Mr. Kemp's friends, but there is something in it for those who have no link of ivy or rosemary with the gentle poet. He was no arid theologian. His Truth would not "call a creed her bridal veil," but his Christianity was fervent and so his work, which is not without a light, even frolicsome, aspect, conveys a feeling of freedom blent with reverence.

W. H. CHESSON.

FICTION AND THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.*

Novelists to whom their labour is an art pure and simple, and readers for pleasure pure and simple, may wonder at the unchanging output of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, which is not greatly concerned with their judgments. What sustains him? And what is it that he puts out steadily, like a good workman? Both questions are of high interest to literature, and of curious interest to such persons.

I do not know Mr. Phillpotts, nor how he would answer them. But he seems to me to stand conspicuously and very ably for the scientific spirit in fiction. Years ago the first clumsy innovations made in that spirit, by foreign workers mainly, provoked a rather stupid controversy between "idealists" and "realists." This turned on manners and taste as well as on literary aim. The innovations themselves have had effects of many kinds, which it is the business of criticism to trace. To artists they seemed menacing, and yet it may now be thought that art is none the worse for them. The art of the novel has learned to make use of science. But, with Mr. Phillpotts, the case is rather that science makes use of art; and it does so, I think, in a specially English way. By this time, too, the bulk and consistency of his work challenge for him a comparison with certain French, Russian and Scandinavian masters. I shall not attempt this in a review of "Orphan Dinah." The point is made in order only to do justice to his English humour, calm and fairness, and to rank him.

The scientific spirit lends an inexhaustible interest to the study of simple folk leading plain lives, and to the work of making books about them. One must have some touch of it in order to relish such books, no doubt. There is in Mr. Phillpotts, however, so much warm humanity that he rarely pursues the study of a group without achieving, as if by chance, some scene or passage of life that fastens on our memories. He is as much a realist of the noble as of the ignoble. I cannot recall, at the moment, any scene in fiction that moves one so unexpectedly, if not without intention, as the proposal of marriage made in this book by Thomas Palk, the chivalrous but unromantic farm hand, to a piteous and astounded old maid who was the victim of her father's plausible selfishness. It is unexpected because this writer's interest is equal and just in all his characters, and because he cannot contemplate a *coup monté*. Susan and Thomas are not the heroine and hero; they are just two casual members of the group studied.

The story of Dinah and her lover, Lawrence Maynard, is told to illustrate the stupid cruelty of the marriage law in its disregard of special cases, and the still more stupid cruelty of dull minds. Those two are sterling stuff. But they never divert attention from the other actors in a small community of Dartmoor rustics, drawn with invincible insight, easily. For a critic, indeed, the ease of draughtsmanship is paramount over purpose and story. To make such actors discuss high philosophy quite naturally is the unique fetch of Mr. Phillpotts' skill, as one has often had occasion to reflect.

Although there are fewer smiles in this book than in some others from the same pen, it strikes me as in truer balance than any of the earlier work, in respect alike of art and of human outlook. One sees that Mr. Phillpotts has definitely passed the stage of theory as to both, and that he writes now with a fortunate liberty. The scientific spirit, for him, means always a sincere quest and statement of truth for its own sake; but he is chiefly a man, in quick, sagacious touch with his fellows of both sexes, and not a doctrinaire above them. I have found "Orphan Dinah" a fine novel.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A TOO-CANDID BIOGRAPHER.*

If the name of John Thomas Smith is not unknown to the general reader of to-day it is because it is remembered as that of the author of "A Book for a Rainy Day"—a delightful, gossipy book about old London and its characters. It is eminently suitable for a rainy or any other kind of day, and the same thing may perhaps be said of another characteristic work—"Nollekens and His Times." It is now many years since the first book was reintroduced to the notice of the public by Mr. Whitten, and once more we are indebted to the same industrious, able and enthusiastic editor for a similar obligation. Although not a Londoner born Mr. Whitten's knowledge of a London that is past is extensive.

Many of us have been eagerly and impatiently looking for the appearance of the present work, as it was announced for early publication before the war, and, as a matter of fact it was, Mr. Whitten informs us, "compiled and in print in the summer of 1914, but its publication has been delayed by the events and conditions of the last six years." Smith's so-called biography was published in 1828, and the following year saw a second edition. After 1829 it remained out of print until, in 1895, Mr. Edmund Gosse edited an edition in one volume, excluding what formed the second volume of Smith's work, viz., the Memoirs of Nollekens's contemporary artists. Mr. Gosse truly calls it the "most candid biography" in the

[5] "The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems." By Edwin Markham. 7s. 6d. net. (Alexander Moring.)

[6] "Verses from Fen and Fell." By Thomas Thornely. Second edition. 5s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

[7] "Poems." By Robert Kemp. With a Memoir by Sir John Herkless. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

* "Orphan Dinah." By Eden Phillpotts. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Nollekens and His Times, and Memoirs of Contemporary Artists from the Time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake." By John Thomas Smith. Edited and annotated by Wilfred Whitten. 2 Vols., 31s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

language. Candid it certainly is, but it is more than that. It is a most spiteful production, and it would be almost impossible for a biographer to be more unsympathetic. Smith, whose father was for some time Nollekens's principal assistant and who himself when a lad was employed in the workshop, had been told by the sculptor that he had been mentioned in his will, found when the latter was read that his share of the £200,000 was an extremely meagre one—a paltry £100 as a recompense for his trouble and responsibilities as one of the three executors. When the will was signed and witnessed some five years before Nollekens died, Smith was not even mentioned, and it was only after the death of one of the two original executors—for at first there were only two—that Smith and an additional one were appointed. It must have been very galling for poor Smith, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he felt resentful after having been for years buoyed up with the hope and, as he thought, the prospect of inheriting no insignificant portion of the old miser's thousands. There were also many others, apparently, who looked upon themselves as prospective legatees, for Smith prints a list of nearly ninety people who he stated had been each promised £1,000, very few of whom were even named in the will. So great was Smith's chagrin, and that of another of the executors, that the will was disputed in the Court of Chancery, but their appeal was unsuccessful. One may or may not sympathise with the unfortunate legatee in his disappointment, but there can be no disputing the fact that such a disgruntled being was not the proper person to write the biography of a man who possessed so many very peculiar habits and eccentricities as Nollekens did. In spite of so manifest a bias to the prejudice of his victim, or rather, perhaps, on account of such bias, it must be admitted that Smith's "Nollekens and His Times" is a most amusing and entertaining work. It is by no means a work of art, being, as it is, entirely formless, rambling and discursive, but it can be read with keen enjoyment if taken up at different times and not at one gargantuan mouthful.

Nollekens was one of the most celebrated bust sculptors of his time—he was born in 1737 and died in 1823. His most famous one was that of C. J. Fox. Among others were those of Sterne and Johnson. His statue of Pitt was subscribed for by the University of Cambridge, and he was paid the large sum of £4,000. Many statues and monuments of his are to be found in country churches, among them that most beautiful monument to the Hon. Mrs. Howard, in Wetheral Church, a few miles out of Carlisle.

Smith speaks of Nollekens as a sculptor appreciatively on the whole, although he compares him unfavourably with Flaxman. It is more especially when he writes of the old sculptor's thrifty habits, his meannesses and his eccentricities; when he sets himself out to relate as many as possible of his breaches of decorum—it is in these circumstances that he shows his animus, although professedly recounting the stories to amuse his readers. Nollekens was undoubtedly a miser in grain, though occasionally he could be, and was, very generous, and Smith would have us believe, when he can record such instances, that he "receives infinite pleasure" by so doing. Some of his stories are certainly very funny. Here is one of them:

> "Mr. Nollekens, on entering his barber's-shop, was always glad to find another shaver under the suds, as it afforded him an opportunity of looking at his favourite paper, the *Daily Advertiser*. When his turn arrived, and he was seated for the operation, he placed one of Mrs. Nollekens's curling-papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his razor. Nollekens cried out, 'Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor.' 'Lord! Sir,' answered the poor barber, 'you don't care how I wear my razors out by sharpening them.' Mr. Nollekens, who had been under his hand for upwards of twenty years, was so correct an observer of its application that he generally pronounced at the last flourish, 'That will do'; and before the shaver could take off the cloth, he dexterously drew down the paper, folded it up, and carried it home in his hand, for the purpose of using it the next morning, when he washed himself."

Smith does not add that Nollekens left this barber a legacy of nineteen guineas.

The book is so full of good things that it has been described as "one of the best books of anecdote ever published." There is, however, one instance in which Smith embellished a story. It is one where he tells us of a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens when he was working for the former, which must have been some time between 1779 and 1782, for he was only with him for three years. Smith was not present during the dinner, but he states he overheard the conversation from the adjoining studio in which he was working. As Mrs. Nollekens's father, Justice Saunders Welch—Johnson's friend and a successor of Henry Fielding in the Westminster magistracy—was present, and as he died in 1784, the dinner must have taken place before that year, and yet one of the guests quotes a few lines from Cowper which were not written before 1791 and not published until 1803; and Mrs. Nollekens refers to remarks made by Captain Grose and Boswell on the Hawkinses, which she may have read in the works of those writers, published in 1803 and 1791 respectively.

Mr. Whitten has performed his editorial duties admirably, and his edition must henceforth be regarded as the standard one. Most of his notes are informative and extremely interesting, and there appear to be very few misprints in the two volumes. On p. 74 (Vol. I) the date 1752 is certainly one, as Smith was not born until 1766.

In his note (p. 200) on Cibber's figures, formerly over the entrance of old Bethlehem Hospital, he states that Pope's well-known lines on him "are often quoted to show that Pope was among the detractors of those figures, but they do not seem to bear the brunt of the satire." He might perhaps have added that Pope himself, in one of his notes to the poem, admitted that the statues were "as the son [of the sculptor] justly says of them, no ill monuments of his fame as an artist." On p. 305 he remarks that Antonio Verrio is now best remembered by Pope's lines (which he quotes). Might not Mr. Whitten have also named Charles Lamb's references in his two essays on Christ's Hospital? The illustrations are many and well reproduced. That of the author is a most delightful one.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE ASSURANCE OF ART.*

"The Age of Innocence" is beyond everything else a triumph of the artistic freedom of Mrs. Wharton. It may be as good or less good than its predecessors—it is enough that it is Mrs. Wharton's and that no other living author handles with such fine ease the changing but authentic portraiture of the social aspect. She is in that respect inimitable. In this country the art of comedy flavoured by satire, never very cordial to the English palate, has fallen into neglect and disrepute.

Jane Austen is alone in her kingdom. Thackeray, in whose austere immobility is the redemption and perfection of humour, has no successor. The acceptance of the writer of great satirical comedy might almost be regarded as a proof of genius since its reception is so timorous and tardy. The capacity, moreover, to desert a familiar but never in her case down-trodden road is an example of the instinctive assurance of Art. When a novelist has scored a triumph—even a very small one—in one particular vein he is warned (should he have ideas) by his publisher that people who like stories about vicars in the country will resent vintners in the town.

The tendency, the road of the highest applause, is towards repetition until if you like a blue lagoon you know the author without any further mental strain, and if you care about the monkey house your way is clear.

So when Mrs. Wharton writes of New York in 1875 she asks for trouble. The reviewer works up a paragraph or

* "The Age of Innocence." By Edith Wharton. 8s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)—"The Happy End." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)—"In Leading Strings." By J. K. Pulling. 7s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Islands of Desire." By Diana Patrick. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

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XUM

two on the necessity of novelists to avoid the war, the public feel vaguely as though they were asked to wear bombazine (whatever that was), and those eager readers who want to know just what America is thinking about everything in these critical days are a little surprised and chilled by Mrs. Wharton.

She, unlike so many of her English contemporaries, has no religion to teach, no grievance to air, no political betrayal to reveal. Her subjects are people, of a period perhaps, but people whose characteristics of snobbery, isolation, conservatism and humbug are not peculiar to the year '75.

Into the serene, exclusive atmosphere of the miniature Dresden china New York society passes the Countess Olenska, as the leaven enters the dough. With her comes the breath of the greater world, the world on the threshold. "All the old ladies had got out their faded sables and yellowing ermines, and the smell of camphor from the front pews almost smothered the faint Spring scent of the lilies banking the altar." That was the old world waiting for the knock at the door. But no extract, no deliberate choice of all the words relegated to sounds of praise can give anything but a second-hand, musty conception of the Van der Luydens, who must be studied not in extracts but in chapters if you would possess for all time their unforgettable savour.

It is the highest compliment to an artist to say that one never questions a word or action of her characters as unnatural or frankly beyond belief. When any writer can step back half a century and write as though the people lived next door there is no more to be said.

Joseph Hergesheimer in "The Happy End" has written a set of seven notable studies. Here again is an author fortunate in a lesser, perhaps, but admirable isolation in his work. There are few living writers can handle so powerfully as Mr. Hergesheimer the old immortal situations surrounding failure, sacrifice, courage and love. There is a peculiar and haunting beauty and rhythm in his prose that recalled to my remembrance the evening I heard Vachell Lindsay recite in his intensely moving fashion some of his American verse. In one of his tales the scene is laid in a bar where the negroes are carried away by the singing of an aged woman:

"The magic of her feeling swept like a flame over the room: shrill mirth, mocking calls, curses, were bound in a louder and louder volume of hope and praise. They were on their feet, swaying in the hysterical contagion of melody, the unutterable longing of their alien isolation.

"'God's chariot coming.' The song filled the roof, hung with bright strips of paper; it boomed through the windows and doors. Sobbing cries cut through it, profound invocations, beautiful shadowy voices chimed above the weight of sound. . . . The harmony wavered and sank, and out of the shuddering silence that followed Lemuel Doret turned again from the city."

In the works of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Hergesheimer there is the assurance of art weaving without calculation from its eternal loom. Two other novels, different in type, performance and ability, are "In Leading Strings" and "The Islands of Desire." Mr. Pulling in the former opens with a pickpocket called Kit who, saving a manner of speech altogether too academic for a street arab, promises excellent sport if nothing more. Unfortunately he is associated with clergymen, artists and, finally, a girl who, however cleverly drawn (and Mr. Pulling has a nice vein of satire), rather tends to make the progress and development of Kit subservient to a study of temperament.

But the first quarter of the book is first-rate.

Miss Diana Patrick wrote recently "The Wider Way," which I ventured to criticise as an example of comedy, style and lucidity sacrificed to third-rate melodrama. In "The Islands of Desire" the background is well laid in one of the Northern factory districts with which the author is evidently at home, and the plot concerns the daughter of a mill-owner, who seeks her island of desire and suffers disappointment. The scene shifts to the second generation, and Rose's daughters are overtaken by the old eternal unrest.

As in her last book, Miss Patrick writes with feeling and humour, but one cannot forget a recent article by Sir Robertson Nicoll on the epidemic of dots. A sentence like the following should, I think, be avoided:

"'You do not believe,' asked Rose quite calmly. 'No, not yet, but you will . . . when he does not come back . . . when we hear what has happened . . . when *she* returns to tell us, as surely she will. . . . As for me, I am quite, quite certain.'"

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.*

M. Augustin Filon was a well-known French man of letters who acted as private secretary to the Empress Eugénie during her Regency in 1870, and, owing to his position, was able to speak of the political and other events of that critical period with authority and knowledge. The publishers announce that the present "Recollections" were left among his MSS. with specific directions that they were not to be published during the lifetime of the Empress. They were not intended by him in any way as a biography of the Empress Eugénie, still less as a panegyric, but as a conscientious record of unbiased personal evidence concerning persons and events which have been the subject of much bitter controversy.

M. Filon tells us that he found the Empress entirely different, physically, mentally and morally, from the woman he had imagined her to be. "There was no posing, no striving after effect; she was far simpler and more natural in her movements and in her speech than any of the ladies who surrounded her, and she seemed to think no more of playing the part of a pretty woman than of assuming the rôle of an Empress." Sincerity was the dominant note of her character, and she laid stress upon the development of character above all things. "The courage to think," she said, "must precede the courage to act." Instead of a "flawless beauty who reigned like a fairy queen in the midst of theatrical splendour," M. Filon found in her a woman who possessed both heart and brains, and who inspired him with passionate loyalty.

The idea that the Empress Eugénie was influenced by any motive of vulgar ambition in her marriage with Prince Louis Napoleon is emphatically repudiated by M. Filon. "She detested politics from the first moment that she understood them," he writes, "and she not only disliked power, but she had no desire for luxury." In spite of the Emperor's amatory delinquencies, she believed that he never ceased to love her, and that he invariably acted honestly. After the tragedy of Sedan they were more firmly united than before.

The Empress used to go slumming in Paris, and on these occasions she disguised herself as an old lady with spectacles, a large hat and a thick veil. Like Marie Antoinette, she loved homely amusements, and was fond of arranging, ornamenting and changing her surroundings.

M. Filon says that the political rôle the Empress Eugénie was supposed to play has been strangely exaggerated and distorted. There never was a "party of the Empress"; her only party was that of the Emperor. During the terrible days of her regency, she showed amazing courage and self-reliance, combined with a self-effacing devotion to the interests of the Empire. When her Majesty came to England she resumed without any effort the ways of private life; but if she renounced without a sigh of regret all her retinue and splendour, she never forgot her great duties and continued to use all her influence for the good of the Empire.

No one who reads these illuminating "Recollections" can fail to tender homage to the memory of one of the noblest and most fascinating figures of recent times.

As M. Filon well says, the Empress Eugénie was

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* "The Recollections of the Empress Eugénie." By Augustin Filon. With eight half-tone plates. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Though surrounded by selfish schemers, she gave herself over to dreams and generous indignation; and she remained a convinced idealist in the midst of a society bent wholly upon material ends. What the world worshipped she looked upon with contempt, and she adored what the world derided.

MEREDITH STARR.

BARBELLION AND HIS WORK.*

Although the personality of every living man or woman is probably of interest, could we perceive the complex of thought which controls the visible actions, the expression of personality in writing is extremely difficult, and when done deliberately, as in the form of journal or diary, is apt to be disappointing. For though we may not shut a door, or strike a match, or play a game, without betraying our personality in some way or another, we shrink from those final "confessions" and betrayals which in black and white give the real self and its thoughts about the world. That is why the great diarists are few in number, and Pepys fascinates us to-day because he gave us an inside view of his mind, uncurtained by pretence. For the same reason Barbellion's recent "Journal of a Disappointed Man" and its companion volume, "A Last Diary," will stand among the most remarkable contributions to this form of literature, I imagine, in a very long period. Bruce Frederick Cummings—there is no need now to conceal his real name—suffered that heart-aching, heart-breaking combination, a passionate love of life and the world's beauty and a physical frailty that doomed him to be continuously in ill-health, with, later, the certainty of early death. But his will-power was tremendous; where many another man would have given in and accepted the rôle of invalid, he fought his illness and worked to the last possible hour. "I am not going to be beaten," he said, after a severe attack, "if I develop all the diseases in the doctor's index. I mean to do what I have set out to do if it has to be done in a Bath chair." "Again and again," says his brother in the finely sympathetic character-sketch which forms the introduction to the latest book, "he spurred himself on to work with an appalling expenditure of nervous energy. . . . Surely there never was a half-dead man more alive."

The "Journal of a Disappointed Man" offended some readers, and its reception by the critics varied, probably according to temperament; for hardly any book of recent years has been so charged with that vague quality "temperament" or has more definitely demanded one sympathetic with its own. It was, one might say, an appeal, a hand stretched out to find a friendly clasp, and those who hastily termed it "morbid" missed the point of it perfectly. The fact is that when a man is ill in body, his mind is often extraordinarily active and perceptive, critical and competent; the word "morbid" is out of place. It was a question, once more, of temperament and frustrated ambitions; impatience, candour, his recurring expression of a sense of defeat, occasionally even of bitterness, are not to be confused with morbidity. Excellent, in him, the blend of literary man and scientist; proportionately strong his disappointment, his resentment—revealed clearly in this second volume—as it became more and more sure that he would not live to explore and record the world that enthralled him. Even its smallest evidences—a blackbird's song, murmurs of overheard conversation from those who passed his room, the contraction of a muscle, the consoling cigarette—held his attention, and in setting down his impressions of these minutiæ he made each sentence a little window into his soul. The sadness of it all is almost intolerable; the courage of the man is prodigious, inspiring. The "Last Diary" was written with death at his elbow, and he longs unutterably for the fullest life; he sometimes sorrows for himself (who would not?) but his love for his friends shines with a tender radiance through the shadows.

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The book is one to chide the grumbler, to make him give thanks for the mere ability to get up in the morning and walk about. One feels an intense wish to have met the writer, a keen regret that it was possible, on many a day—had one only known—to have called upon him, with the daring of desired friendship, and perhaps helped him to pass a tedious hour, taking all chances of the frowns and coolness that might deservedly have been the portion of so casual a visitor. Yet those who read intelligently will gain a distinct impression of the author, and it is hardly possible to praise too highly the quiet, thoroughly perceptive and illuminating sketch of Bruce Cummings and his career which Mr. Arthur J. Cummings has given as a preface.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Novel Notes.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Girl in Fancy Dress" is a comedy of love and laughter, where the love interest predominates, but the humour never lags far behind. It might be taken as a satire on snobbery, though there is no malice in its sting. The Walgroves are expecting two guests—an heiress and a poor relation—and it seems to them an admirable solution of the family difficulty that Anthony, the handsome but penniless son, should marry Cynthia Rayburn, the heiress. All except Anthony are delighted. Cynthia arrives, in borrowed clothes (after a motor accident), to find herself mistaken for the country cousin, whom the Walgroves have not seen. Quick to read the situation, and disgusted with the cold reception given to her as Nellie Walgrove, she decides to play the part. Anthony, suspecting nothing, falls in love with her. Cynthia fears the consequences when her disguise becomes known, but hesitates to let the light of day into the fairy story which she and Anthony are building up about each other. He is the fairy prince and she is the little goose-girl or the Cinderella of his boyish dreams. There are times when the game seems to be over, but Mrs. Buckrose keeps up the tension and excitement, and the golden days slip on for the Girl in Fancy Dress. One evening the real Nellie appears and Cynthia's house of cards tumbles at her feet. Anthony feels that she has been playing with him and they part. Misunderstandings follow, but the story closes to the sound of wedding bells—as tales of disguise and mistaken identity have ended since Elizabethan days. The novel is brightly written. Cynthia is a gay, irresponsible and very human character. If she takes unnecessary risks with her happiness, life to her is a comedy and she will pass through it only once.

FORWARD FROM BABYLON. By Louis Golding. 8s. 6d. net. (Christopher.)

The Jew in fiction has been the theme of many an interesting disquisition, and the general verdict seems to lie in favour of books where the Hebrew interest is centred, as in "Ivanhoe," upon a champion of his race contending with alien rule and some degree of persecution. Where, as in "Daniel Deronda," the scene is laid in a Jewish interior, the interest hardly succeeds in holding the average reader, and in spite of much brilliant work, "Deronda" is usually voted one of George Eliot's failures. There is the same high intention in Mr. Golding's novel, and he makes his colour vivider, if his task is the harder, by surrounding his hero with the squalor of a north-country town. Philip's father is a schoolmaster intent on preserving the strictest racialism and ritual, and when he discovers Milton's "Ode on Christ's Nativity" among the lad's favourite reading, there is an explosion which leaves a fierce conflict through the rest of the story. Philip takes to himself a group of associates and kindred spirits whose progressive notions lack his own exalted idealism, and vision perishes among sordid conditions without enlisting much of the reader's sympathy. In all this Mr. Golding displays real artistry and a faculty of power, but the fight for liberation, while it has all the logic on its side, and strikes a shrewd balance between filial duty and the advance towards enlightenment, needs elements of attraction to broaden the appeal, and some of these are conspicuously wanting. The book therefore must stand as a bold and creditable exercise in the rendering of a difficult environment, and prompts us to expect something from the same pen which shall be none the less powerful by making a better bid for popularity. There is a great romance yet to be written inside this world of Yiddish and "Gollus" (the dispersion into exile), but it must avoid all bitterness.

THE BARTERED BRIDE. By Mrs. Patrick MacGill. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

If "The Bartered Bride" does not appear on the films it will miss its vocation. As an enthralling film drama it leaves nothing to be desired, and there is many a cinema star who will covet the part of lovely little Molly Osborne—"Carter's Kid"—living a solitary, browbeaten life in the frozen wilds of Lone Pine Station. Her brutal step-father beats and bullies her and ultimately sells her for the sum of fifty pounds. But, although she is childlike and innocent, Molly has spirit, and escapes from her purchaser to look for Jack Lorimer, who has formerly befriended her and avenged an insult offered to her in the low-down saloon where she was forced to dance for the amusement of customers. She finds Jack, only to bring pangs of malicious jealousy to the girl who designs to win Jack's love for herself—and so a succession of sensational happenings pursue poor little Molly till she takes refuge at last in her lover's arms. It is an excellent story of its type, teeming with lively interest, and deserves the success accorded to Mrs. MacGill's previous novels.

DEAD MAN'S PLACK AND AN OLD THORN. By W. H. Hudson. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This volume contains two stories, the first belonging to the days of King Edgar, the second to our own times. "Dead Man's Plack" is the story of Queen Elfrida and her crimes, and it is told by Mr. Hudson with the skill and charm that he can always command. But, if he will forgive our ingratitude, we don't want this kind of thing from him. We want from Mr. Hudson not history, but natural history. Other people can tell historical anecdotes as well as he; but no one can tell as he can such a story as "An Old Thorn." The thorn stands on the Wiltshire Downs, strange, solitary, lashed by all the winds that blow across the naked hills, yet it is grown upon with ivy, serpent-wise. To it clings also the tradition that whosoever should hurt the tree must suffer in expiation. Johnnie Budd injures the tree and suffers. He lived in the great days of dear old England when the gentlemen on the bench had much pleasure in sending the lower classes to the gallows for theft. Hard times come. Johnnie, now married, and in desperation, steals a sheep; and the judge (who expatiated, as usual, on the enormity of the offence, and expressed his determination "to put a stop to that sort of thing"), sentenced John Budd to be hanged. And as he crawled in misery up the hill to his doom, thinking of his wife and little ones whom he had sinned to save, and was now leaving in abject want, he passed the Thorn, to which, too late, he now paid his tribute of repentance. This beautiful, tragic story is Mr. Hudson at his best and exhibits his strange and almost disquieting understanding of the forms of life that we stupidly call inanimate.

A RECKLESS PURITAN. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Georgie Desmond, the daughter of an Irish clergyman, attracts and marries an aristocratic Englishman, Eustace Clint, whose standard of morals was not hers. She found

herself, a wild but strict girl, plunged into English society, among people who lived for pleasure. "They did not believe in anything except motor-cars, and some main political principle which was established to keep out the hungry masses." Georgie's puritanical soul is at last stirred to rebellion by the discovery of her husband's unfaithfulness. She runs away, and eventually becomes a general servant in a London flat. This part of the book is particularly clever and interesting. Mrs. Rickard draws the mistress, a fussy philanthropic lady, and also an odious creature called Miss Angela Dubarry, who between them make poor Georgie's life miserable. She has now met another man who is worthy of her love, a reticent Government official. But unluckily her husband insists on tracking her down, Miss Dubarry accuses her of theft, and she is actually imprisoned. Then the clouds break. The husband is killed off, and Georgie at last marries her real mate. It is rather rushed towards the end. But the reader would not have forgiven Mrs. Rickard if she had defrauded this charming, reckless girl of happiness. The narrative flows brightly from the beginning. Where the authoress is excellent, is in the delineation of the women-characters, both in Ireland and in England; her women are of all sorts, old and young, but she has a particularly good eye for "cattishness" in her sex. The heroine is vital at every pore. "Sacrifice and death are fine things and can be met finely, but it takes a great deal of saintliness to stand still and be pinched, for months together." Georgie Desmond, before and after her marriage, had to stand a good deal of pinching in life; she was not always saintly, but she had humour, she was clean, and she was plucky—qualities which go far towards saintliness of a healthy type. It is a pleasure to read about so impulsive and charming a heroine, in days when most novelists make their women reckless, but by no means puritan.

OUR ELIZABETH. By Florence A. Kilpatrick. 3s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Elizabeth started her career as a figure of fun in some sketches contributed to *Punch*. Expansion into book form has not dulled her infinite variety. This lank and angular servant-girl, with her fondness for furthering love affairs and breaking china (when the Signs of her Dream Book so ordain), who is always ready to lend a helping hand to Fate on those occasions when Fate is slow, bears us on in a stream of laughter. Her comments on her fellow creatures, and her machinations with their futures are unfailingly diverting. The comedy is never forced and there is no pressing of the hits. You either take them or leave them, and you usually take them. The humour is not more elaborate than it is in actual life and it comes as unexpectedly and as freely. Mrs. Kilpatrick achieves her effect without caricature. We are looking straight all the time at the people she shows us, and seeing things from their standpoint, we are amused by what amuses them. The book is sure of a miscellaneous public among sisters and uncles and cousins and aunts. In particular, to housewives who are finding the servant problem press heavily on their spirits, we would commend this exceedingly amusing tale.

THE ELEPHANT GOD. By Gordon Casserly. 6s. net. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Gordon Casserly has lived in India for a number of years, and writes with an intimate knowledge of the natives and of the general conditions obtaining in that vast country whose area is more than forty times the size of England. "The Elephant God" shows the high degree of affection and understanding which can be established between a man and an elephant. Badsha, the particular elephant of this story, saves his master's life on several occasions, and initiates him into the secret customs and gatherings of the wild elephants over whom Badsha rules with kingly authority. Both Badsha and his rider are regarded by the superstitious natives as the incarnations of gods, and

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are believed to possess terrifying occult powers. There are some excellent descriptions of the jungle, and also of the gay life in Darjeeling. Mr. Casserly is sufficiently candid to admit that the great god Snob is the supreme deity of Anglo-Indian society. In Major Dermot (the Elephant God himself) our author has eloquently portrayed the most attractive type of Indian Army officer—a type which, unfortunately, is not so universal as it might be. Mr. Casserly's local colour is on the whole better than his characterisation; he has succeeded in conveying the atmosphere of India, and his accounts of the various hairbreadth escapes in the book are particularly well done.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RUINS. By Edward Shanks. 9s. net. (Collins.)

Having achieved some measure of success as a poet, Mr. Edward Shanks has tried his hand at a novel, giving us in "The People of the Ruins," a story of the English Revolution and after. The book is to a certain extent a counter-blast to Mr. Oliver Onions's penultimate tale, "The New Moon"; for it predicts a cataclysm in our social system—to take place in 1922—and, instead of depicting an England under reconstruction, with a highly developed system of scientific and mechanical invention, it shows us an England of 2,000, which is living on the remnants of the undeveloped system of the previous century. Gas and electric light maintain a feeble existence. A few trains run from north to south. The inhabitants of London live in the broken-down houses of 1900. The secret of constructing big guns is the property of three old grey-beards. The monarchy has gone and the country is ruled by an hereditary Speaker. The North of England and Wales are independent states, paying a nominal tribute to the Speaker. Throughout the land every mechanical art is dying, the fine arts, literature and music are dead, the spirit of progress has been killed, nothing is being kept in repair. The account of how a young scientist, who has seen service in France in the great war stumbles into this decaying England and dies in a futile attempt to save it from the onrush of Welsh barbarism is the theme of Mr. Shanks's very original and imaginative story.

THE HAND IN THE DARK. By A. J. Rees. 9s. net. (Lane.)

A clever crime mystery by a man who is fast making a name as a master in this line of modern detectivism. The murder on which Mr. Rees works is usually abrupt and unaccountable, as every respectable murder ought to be, and usually occurs in good society. This time it is the shooting of Mrs. Philip Heredith, wife of the club-footed heir to a title, and there is no whisper of motive such as appears later when we learn that she has been fashionable and flighty, but never so as to occasion her death in her own bedroom while her guests are at dinner in the room below. The original element in the story, besides an ease and effectiveness of writing too often absent in this line of romance, is the way in which suspicion shifts from one character to the other and baffles the efforts of the professional sleuth-hounds engaged on the case. First comes Miss Hazel Rath, daughter of the housekeeper; then Captain Nepcote, the riff-raff lover of the victim—and here suspicion is intensified when we find she has entrusted him with a diamond necklace under clandestine and discreditable conditions. Finally, by the persistence of a private detective, Colwyn—the last of several relays who tackle the problem in succession—the mystery is unravelled, and the murder is admitted by the deformed and distracted husband himself. Even at the last hour there are genuine and well-contrived surprises, and though it cannot be said that Mr. Rees has introduced us to any characters with whom we experience any special sympathy, he has given us a sense of being personally involved in a very real and interesting drama.

The Bookman's Table.

MYSTICISM, FREUDIANISM AND SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY. By Knight Dunlap. $1.50. (St. Louis: Mosby Company.)

Professor Dunlap has the unusual distinction of being at home in both philosophy and science. At the beginning of the book we move among the old familiar philosophical categories, and the unsuspecting reader does not know that the mystical theories are being expounded merely to be rent asunder. With genuine mysticism our author has a certain sympathy, though he cannot admit the claim to a third kind of knowledge that comes neither from sensation nor reflection. But his real object of attack is the whole brood of Psychoanalysts, under whatever banner they serve. The middle part of the book is given up to a merciless analysis of the modern version of the philosophy of the unconscious, and the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in imagining what devastation can be wrought by the application of strictly logical categories to a system that proclaims that its data are beyond the reach of the consciousness. After an ironical and sarcastic treatment of the Freudians and all their works, Professor Dunlap turns to the constructive side and develops the first principles of what he calls Scientific Psychology. This is purely biological, is based upon the reaction arc, and treats the Lange theory of the expression of the emotions as established. A notable book that deserves attention.

LONDON TREES. By A. D. Webster. 15s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

During the summer evenings, when the light is long, and the parks and squares of the City are crowned with a mist of green, there will be no more welcome companion for the wanderer in London who loves nature than Mr. A. D. Webster's "London Trees." Its descriptions and its illustrations will take him out of doors on many pleasant rambles. In these fireside days, there is enjoyment of a different kind. Perhaps the qualities which strike one first, in the arm-chair as in the open, are the orderly arrangement, the wealth of detail, the concise yet comprehensive descriptions. Writing from a twenty-five years' experience of his subject, in just over two hundred pages, Mr. Webster gives an account of the trees which succeed in London with directions as to where the finest may be found. Yet the final excellence of the book is not a guide-book excellence, for the author's concern is not exclusively with the object seen. He may be speaking of the Willow, when he will turn aside, in the happiest of discursive writing, to remind us that Pope is credited with planting the first Weeping Willow grown in this country, and that, in the garden at Twickenham where the poet passed the last years of his life, a tree of this species was flourishing late in the eighteenth century. Some of the most interesting pages in the volume describe the trees of literary London—the Mulberry under which Keats wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale," the Black Italian Poplar and Lime Trees in Dickens's garden at Devonshire Place, or the Catalpa in Gray's Inn Gardens, ascribed by tradition to Bacon, who took over the management of the grounds in 1597. In his preface, Mr. Webster gives among his reasons for writing the book that no book of a similar kind has been published. The work has been done so superlatively well that those who come after may find their task thankless.

ESSAYS. By the late Dr. John Todhunter. With a Foreword by Standish O'Grady. 8s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The essay, says Dr. Todhunter in the present volume, "must not be eloquent, as from the rostrum; it should be, like poetry, a whisper of the personality—overheard."

And there he saw the last of the Gairfowl, standing up on the Allalonestone, all alone.

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Upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen.

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He felt how comfortable it was to have nothing on but himself.

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